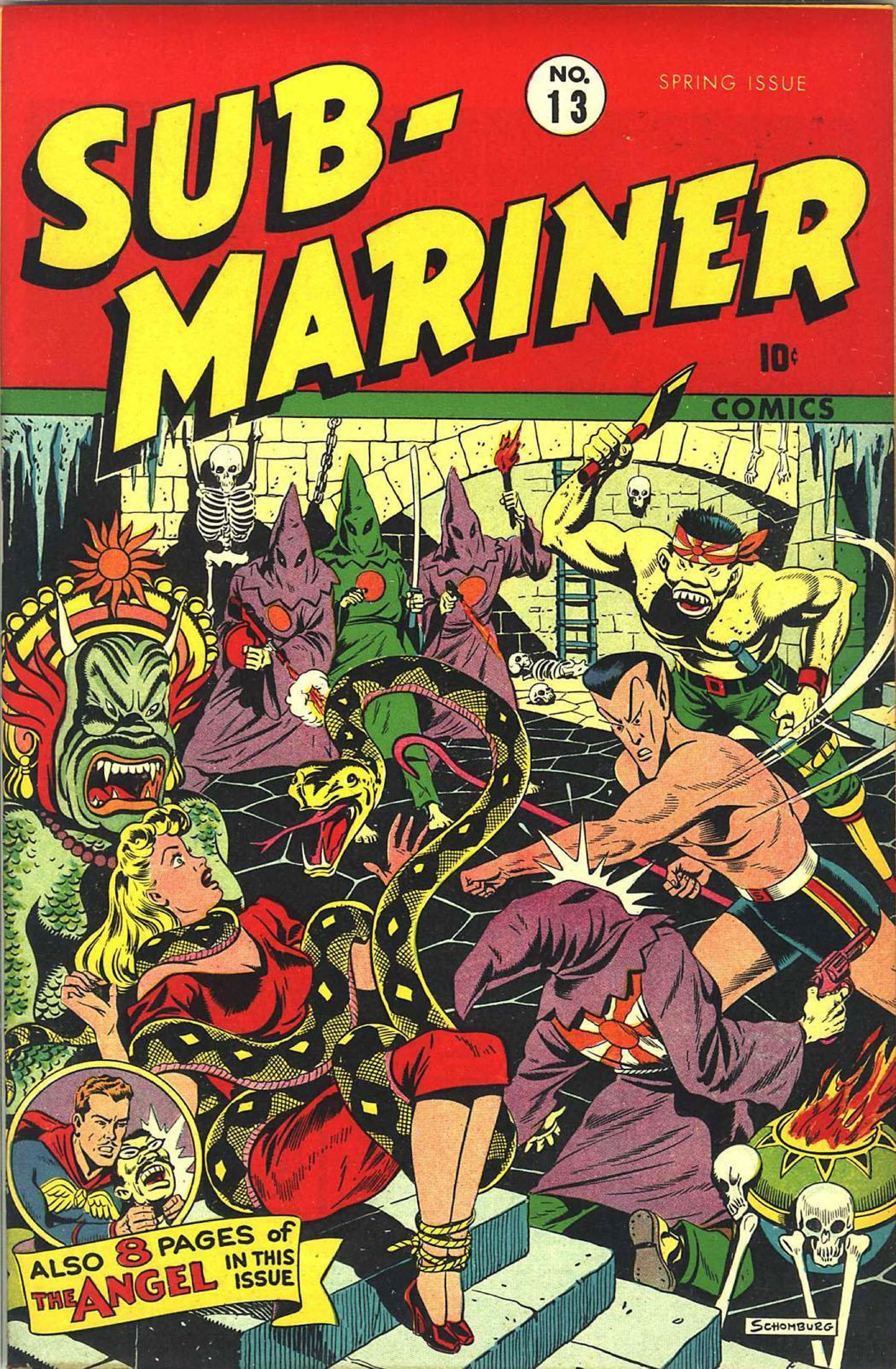
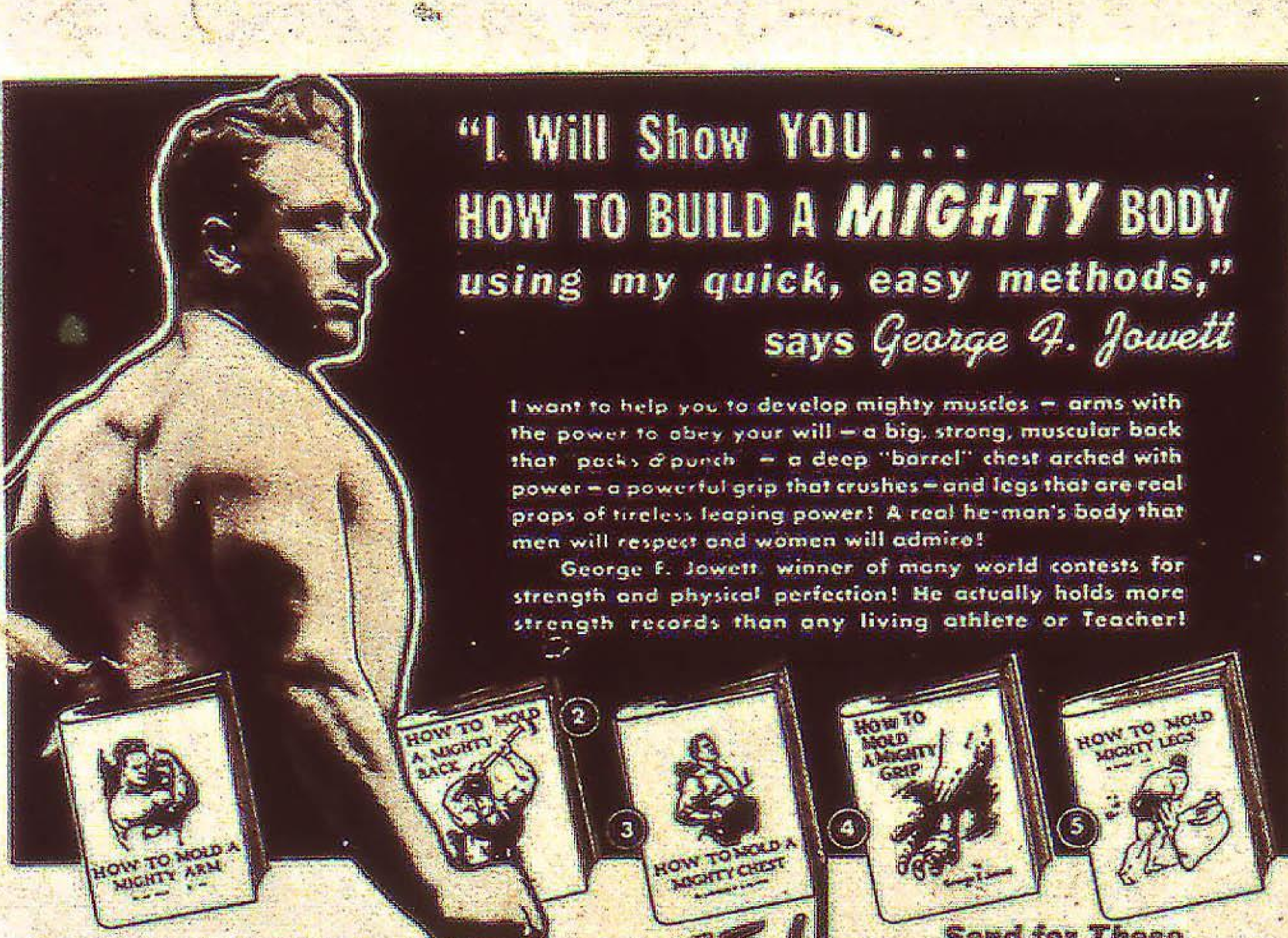
SUB-MARINER COMICS

NO. 13

SPRING ISSUE

10¢


ALSO 8 PAGES of THE ANGEL IN THIS ISSUE
SCHOMBURG


HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM
2
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK
3
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST
4
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP
5
HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS

"I. Will Show YOU . . . HOW TO BUILD A *MIGHTY* BODY using my quick, easy methods,"

says *George F. Jowett*

I want to help you to develop mighty muscles – arms with the power to obey your will – a big, strong, muscular back that "packs a punch" – a deep "barrel" chest arched with power – a powerful grip that crushes – and legs that are real props of tireless leaping power! A real he-man's body that men will respect and women will admire!

George F. Jowett, winner of many world contests for strength and physical perfection! He actually holds more strength records than any living athlete or Teacher!

THIS IS WHAT YOU GET IN EACH OF THE FIVE JOWETT BOOKS!

1 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM. This book shows you how to develop a pair of chain-breaking biceps. Why not get an arm of might with the power and grip to obey your physical desires? George F. Jowett gives you his secret methods of strength development illustrated and explained as you like them.

2 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK. Look at George F. Jowett pictured above. Note the big spread and tapering waist. Let him help you build a back of power, square trim shoulders with the enviable military spread.

3 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST. Tells you how to make your chest a real power house of vital energy—with straps of muscles to protect your heart and lungs. If you have a narrow, sunken chest, bare ribs, sparrow or chicken chest, he will show you how to improve it so that you will be proud to show it off!

4 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP. A complete course that will show how you can get a grip of steel! What would you give for a forearm with a bone crushing grip? Wrists thickened with live sinewy cables? Fingers strong as steel pincers. A hand like an iron vise—yet sensitive.

5 HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS. Now you can have the all around he-man strength and good looks of the pupils shown on this page. What Jowett has done for them and thousands of others, he can do for you. He increased his thighs by 3 inches, his calves by 3 inches by this simple, unbeatable method. He will help you build legs with tireless power!

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT

A. PASSAMONT
Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.

REX FERRIS
Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!

FREE!

NERVES of STEEL MUSCLES of IRON

JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

With your order for Jowett's famous Courses in book form, you will receive this valuable book FREE, at no extra charge, if you send the Coupon today! It tells the enthralling life story of George Jowett—sets forth the Rules of constructive living which have made Jowett the "Champion of Champions."

Contains many fascinating photos of strong men whom George Jowett helped to develop from puny weaklings into superb outstanding athletes and champs!

Send for These FIVE FAMOUS COURSES Formerly $5 each NOW in Book Form ONLY 25c EACH ALL 5 for $1

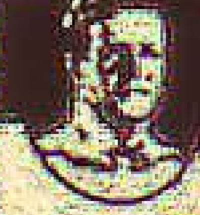
At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, formerly sold for $5.00, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only $1.00. You owe it to yourself, to your family, and to your COUNTRY, to make yourself physically fit, now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c—and not only that but if you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you—send the FREE GIFT COUPON at once, and receive your FREE copy of the Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

FREE GIFT COUPON!



George F. Jowett
"Champion of Champions"

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 56 New York City

Send me the JOWETT Course-Book checked below. If not delighted, I may return books (or book) in 10 days and my money will be refunded.

☐ I enclose $ Send books checked, postage prepaid.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman $ plus a few cents postage. (No order less than $1 shipped C.O.D.)

☐ ALL FIVE BOOKS FOR $1
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Arm (25c)
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Back (25c)
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Chest (25c)
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Grip (25c)
☐ How to Mold Mighty Legs (25c)
☐ Send me the FREE book by Jowett, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," at no extra cost.

NAME.. AGE.........
ADDRESS..
CITY.................................... STATE.........

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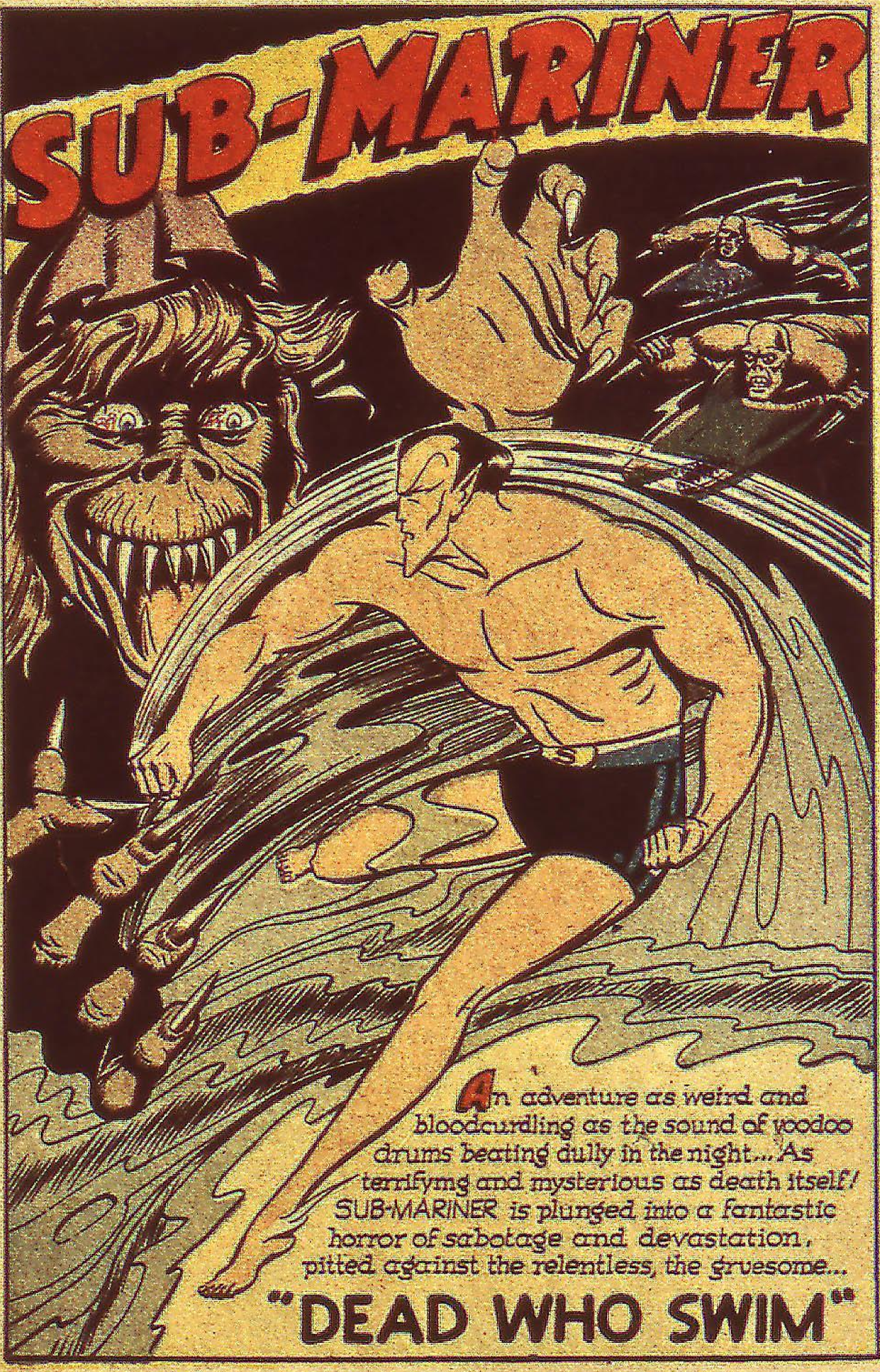
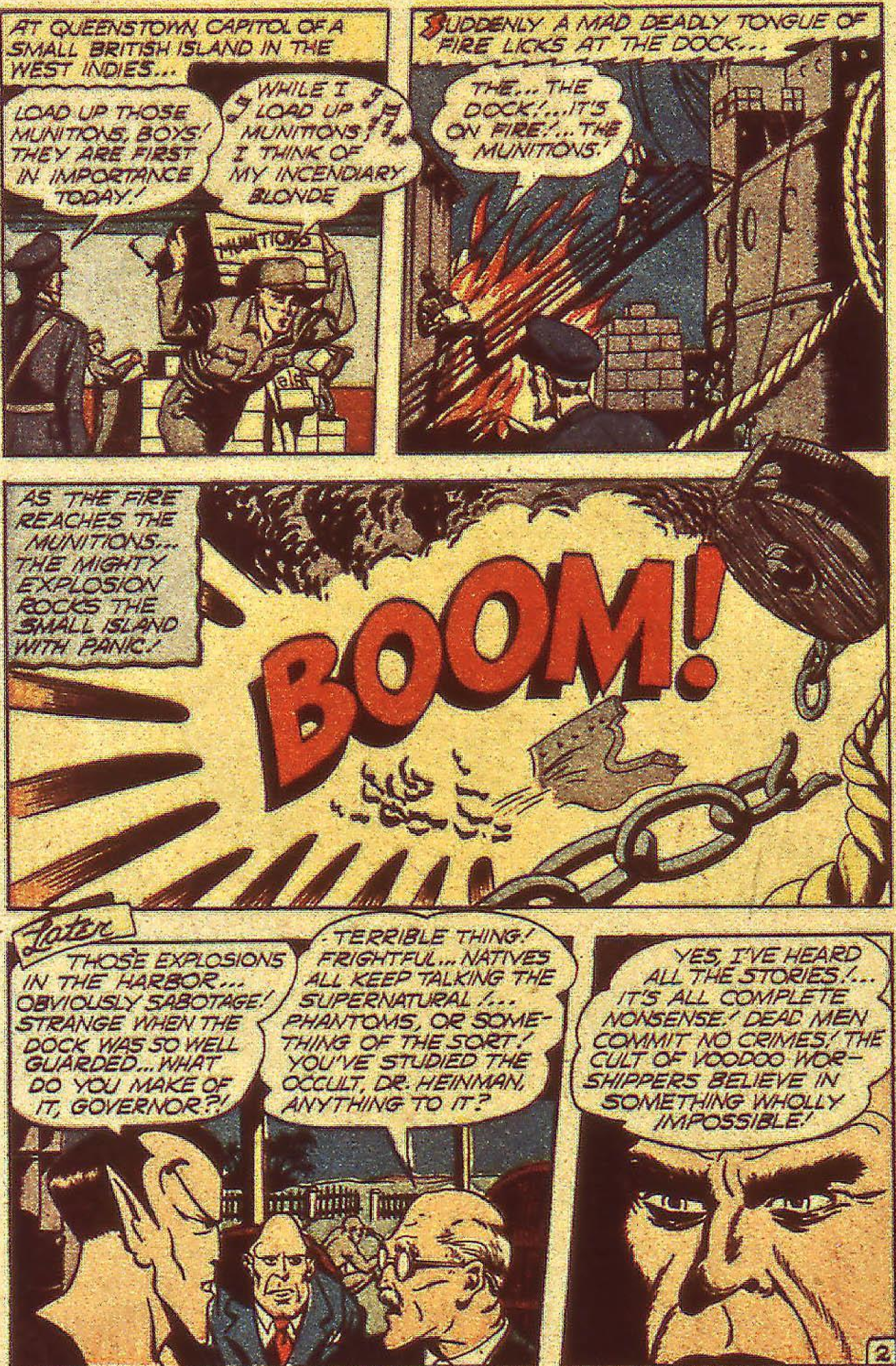
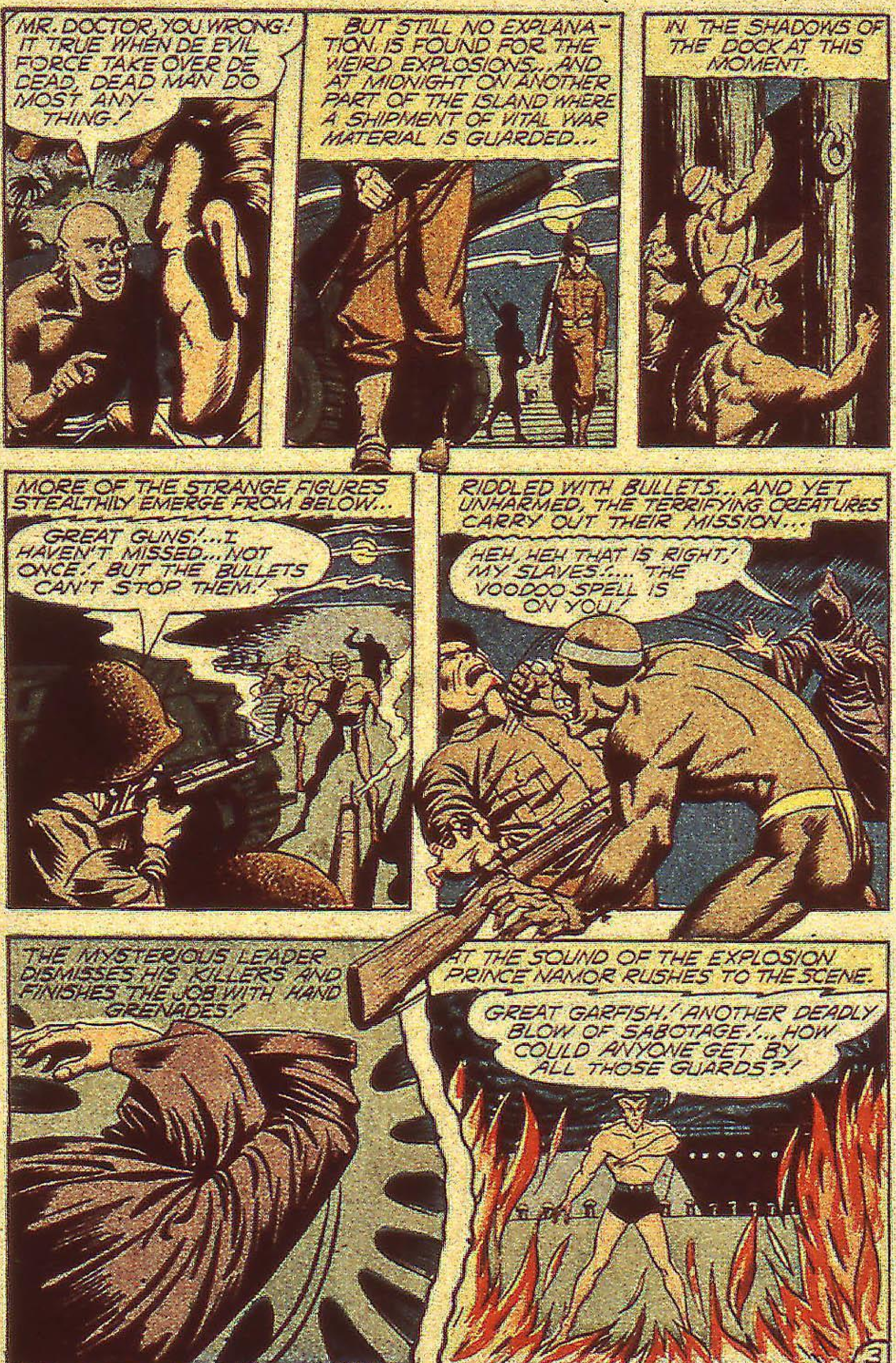
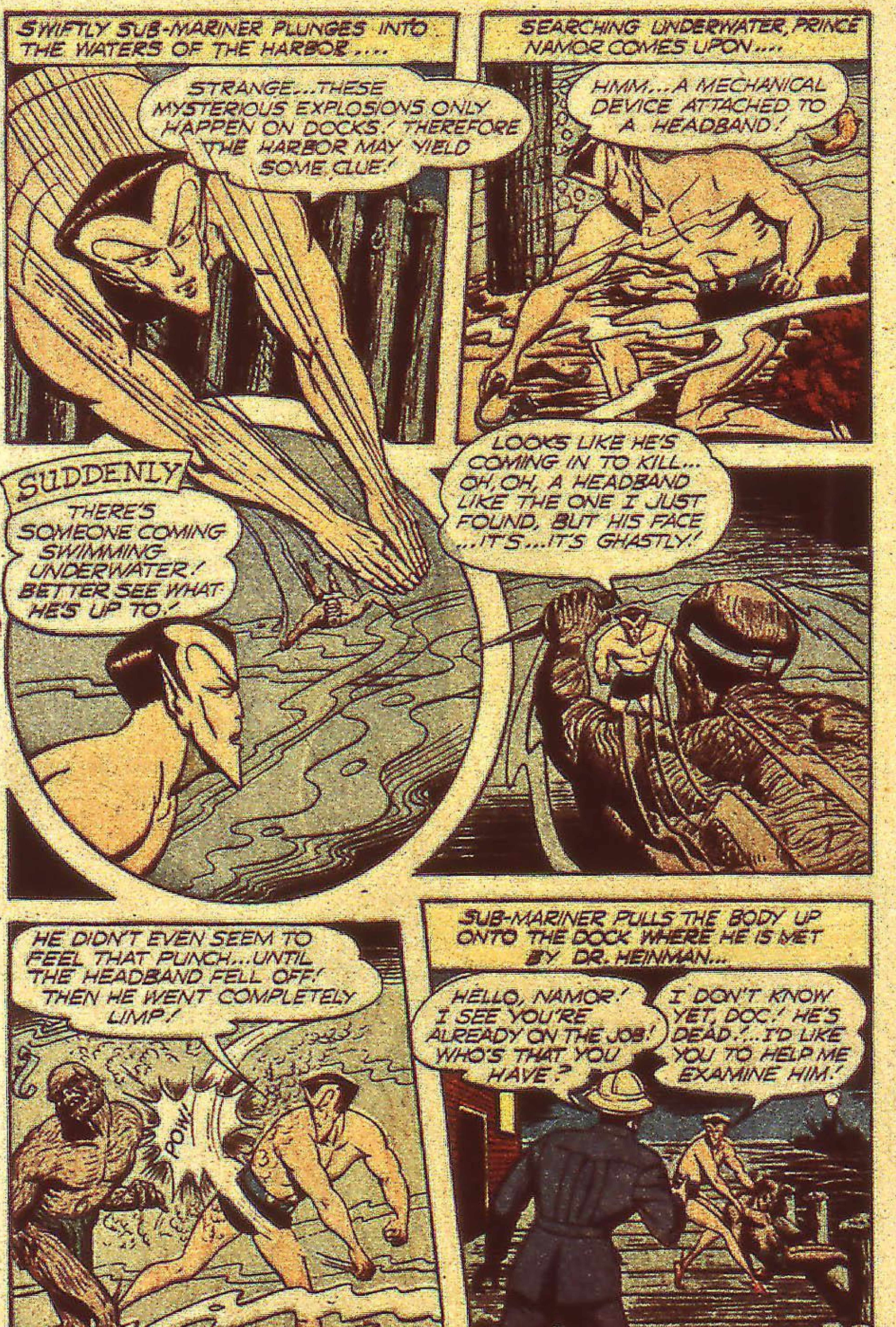
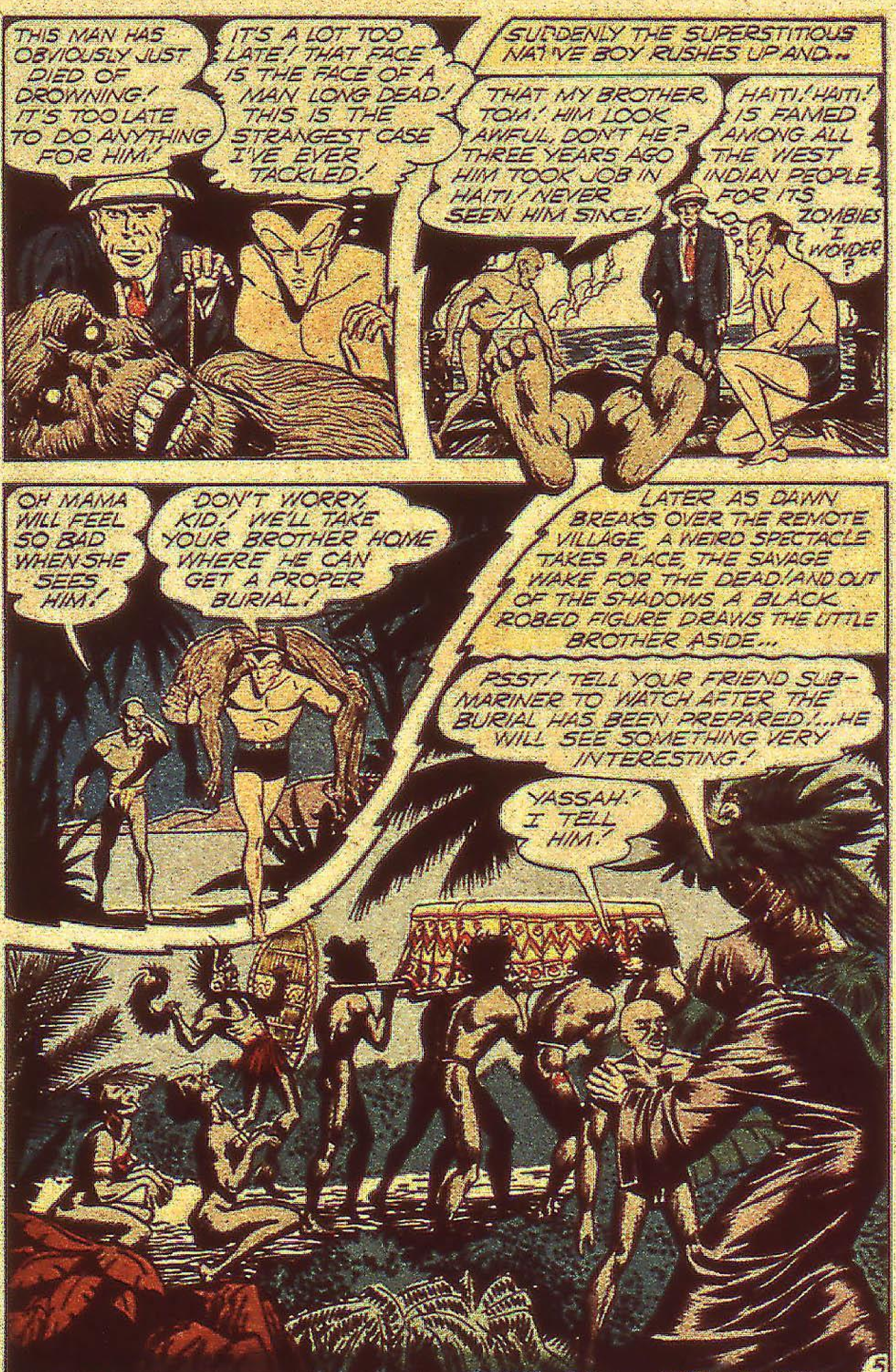
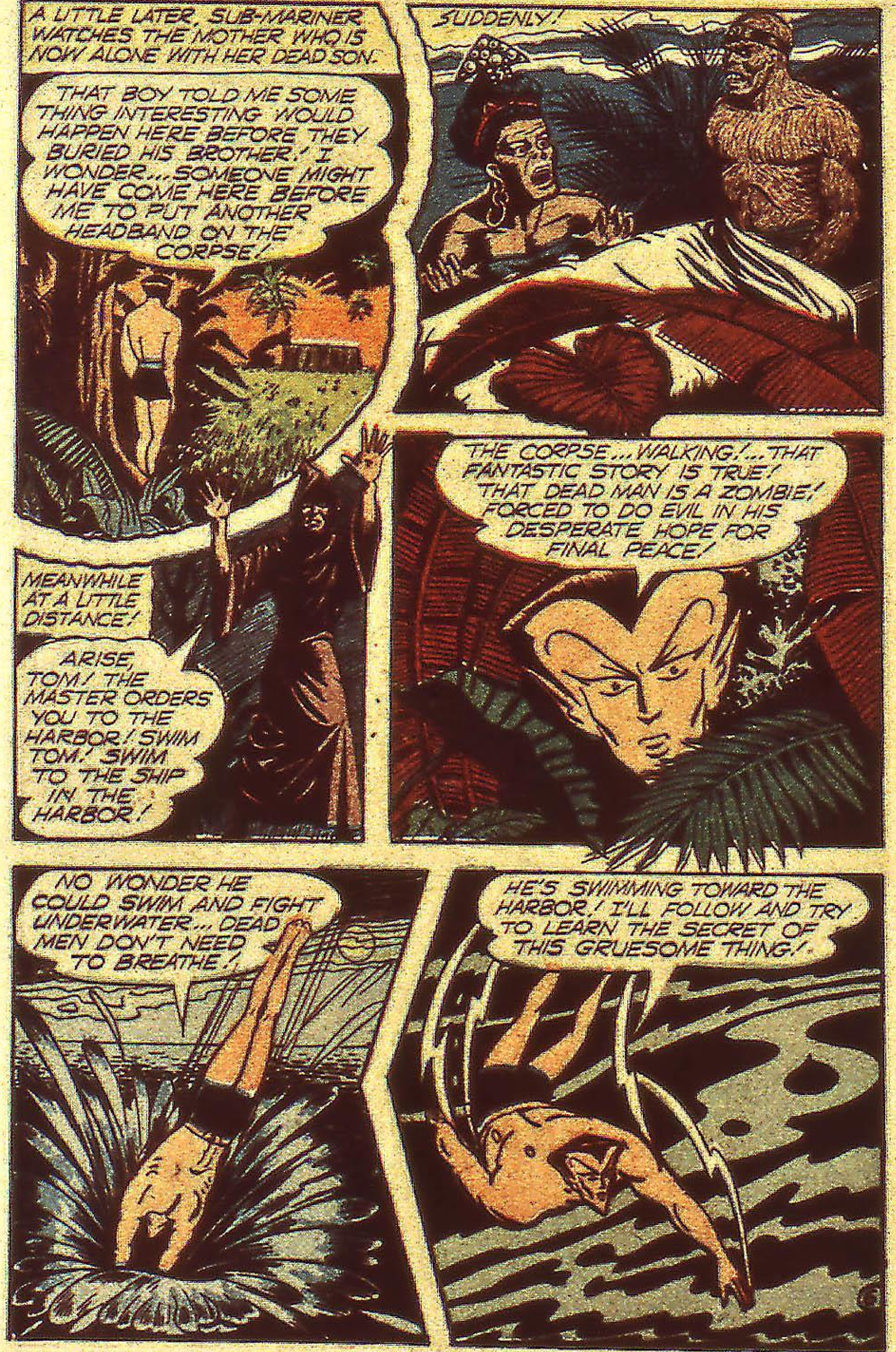

SUB-MARINER
An adventure as weird and bloodcurdling as the sound of voodoo drums beating dully in the night... As terrifying and mysterious as death itself! SUB-MARINER is plunged into a fantastic horror of sabotage and devastation, pitted against the relentless, the gruesome...
"DEAD WHO SWIM"

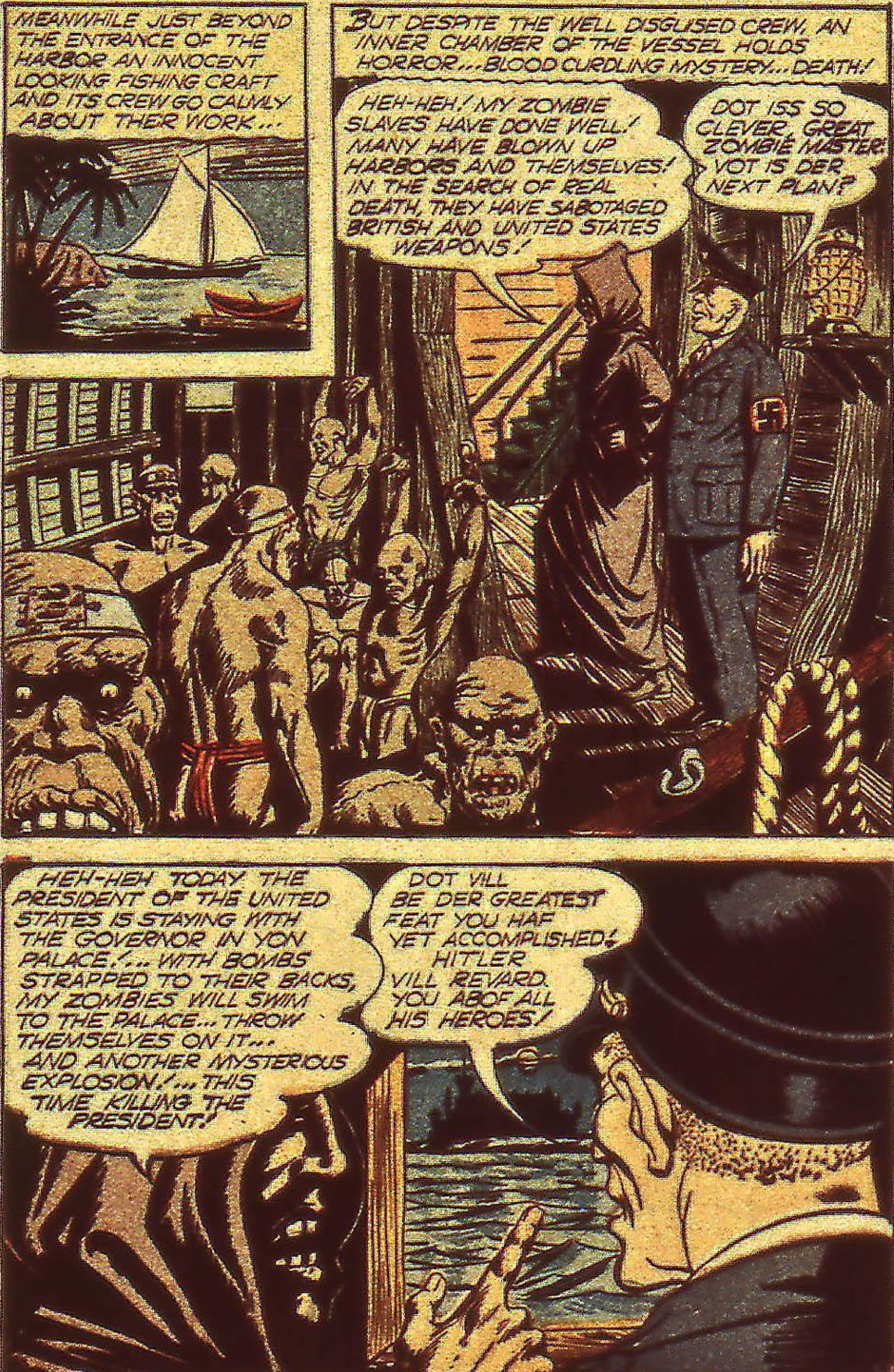

AT QUEENSTOWN, CAPITOL OF A SMALL BRITISH ISLAND IN THE WEST INDIES...
LOAD UP THOSE MUNITIONS, BOYS! THEY ARE FIRST IN IMPORTANCE TODAY!
WHILE I LOAD UP MUNITIONS, I THINK OF MY INCENDIARY BLONDE
MUNITIONS
SUDDENLY A MAD DEADLY TONGUE OF FIRE LICKS AT THE DOCK...
THE... THE DOCK!... IT'S ON FIRE!... THE MUNITIONS!
AS THE FIRE REACHES THE MUNITIONS... THE MIGHTY EXPLOSION ROCKS THE SMALL ISLAND WITH PANIC!
BOOM!
Later
THOSE EXPLOSIONS IN THE HARBOR... OBVIOUSLY SABOTAGE! STRANGE WHEN THE DOCK WAS SO WELL GUARDED... WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, GOVERNOR?!
TERRIBLE THING! FRIGHTFUL... NATIVES ALL KEEP TALKING THE SUPERNATURAL!... PHANTOMS, OR SOMETHING OF THE SORT! YOU'VE STUDIED THE OCCULT, DR. HEINMAN, ANYTHING TO IT?
YES, I'VE HEARD ALL THE STORIES!... IT'S ALL COMPLETE NONSENSE! DEAD MEN COMMIT NO CRIMES! THE CULT OF VOODOO WORSHIPPERS BELIEVE IN SOMETHING WHOLLY IMPOSSIBLE!
2

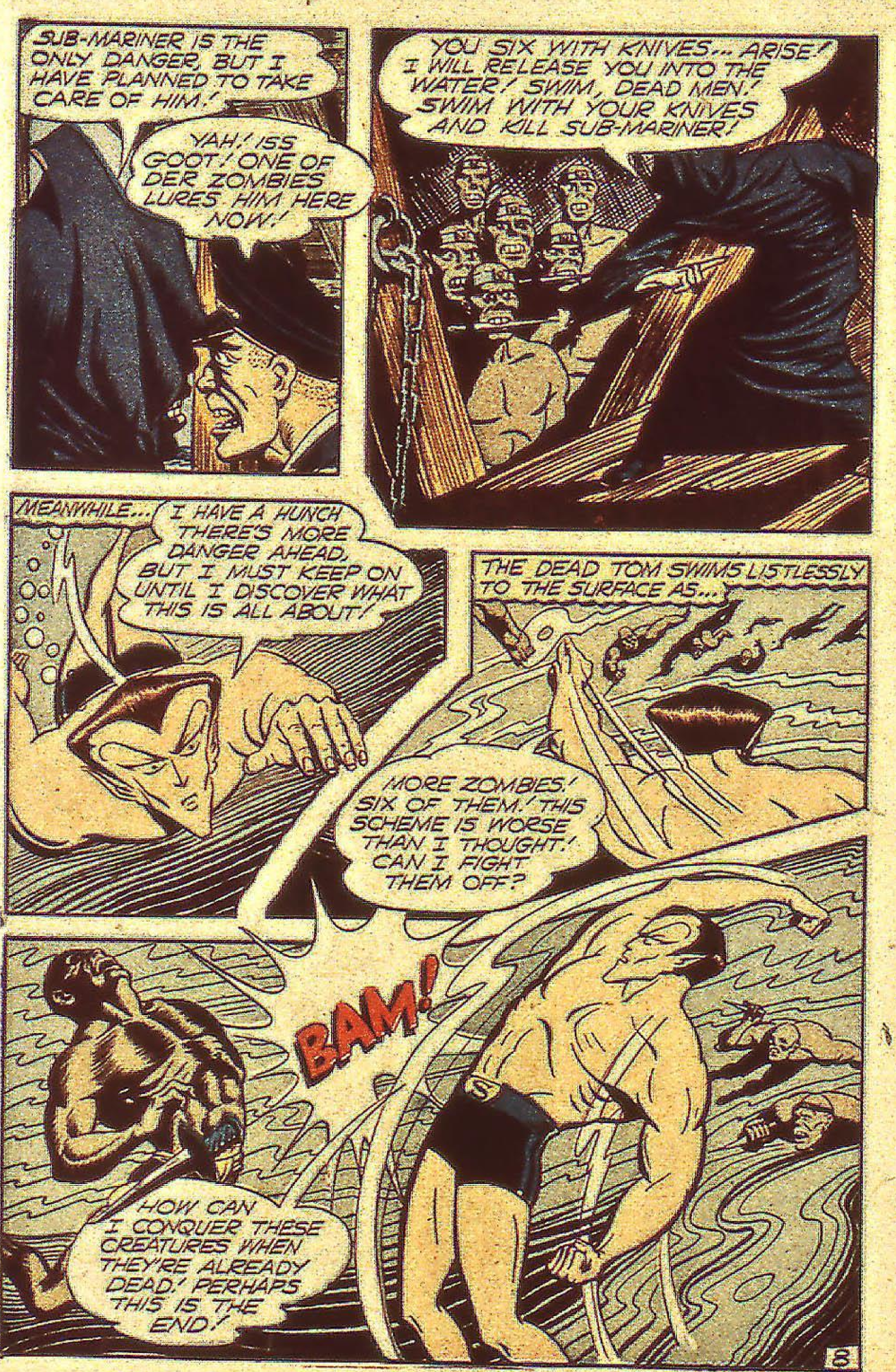

MR. DOCTOR, YOU WRONG! IT TRUE WHEN DE EVIL FORCE TAKE OVER DE DEAD, DEAD MAN DO MOST ANYTHING!
BUT STILL NO EXPLANATION IS FOUND FOR THE WEIRD EXPLOSIONS... AND AT MIDNIGHT ON ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND WHERE A SHIPMENT OF VITAL WAR MATERIAL IS GUARDED...
IN THE SHADOWS OF THE DOCK AT THIS MOMENT.
MORE OF THE STRANGE FIGURES STEALTHILY EMERGE FROM BELOW...
GREAT GUNS!...I HAVEN'T MISSED...NOT ONCE! BUT THE BULLETS CAN'T STOP THEM!
RIDDLED WITH BULLETS... AND YET UNHARMED, THE TERRIFYING CREATURES CARRY OUT THEIR MISSION...
HEH, HEH THAT IS RIGHT, MY SLAVES!... THE VOODOO SPELL IS ON YOU!
THE MYSTERIOUS LEADER DISMISSES HIS KILLERS AND FINISHES THE JOB WITH HAND GRENADES!
AT THE SOUND OF THE EXPLOSION PRINCE NAMOR RUSHES TO THE SCENE.
GREAT GARFISH! ANOTHER DEADLY BLOW OF SABOTAGE!... HOW COULD ANYONE GET BY ALL THOSE GUARDS?!

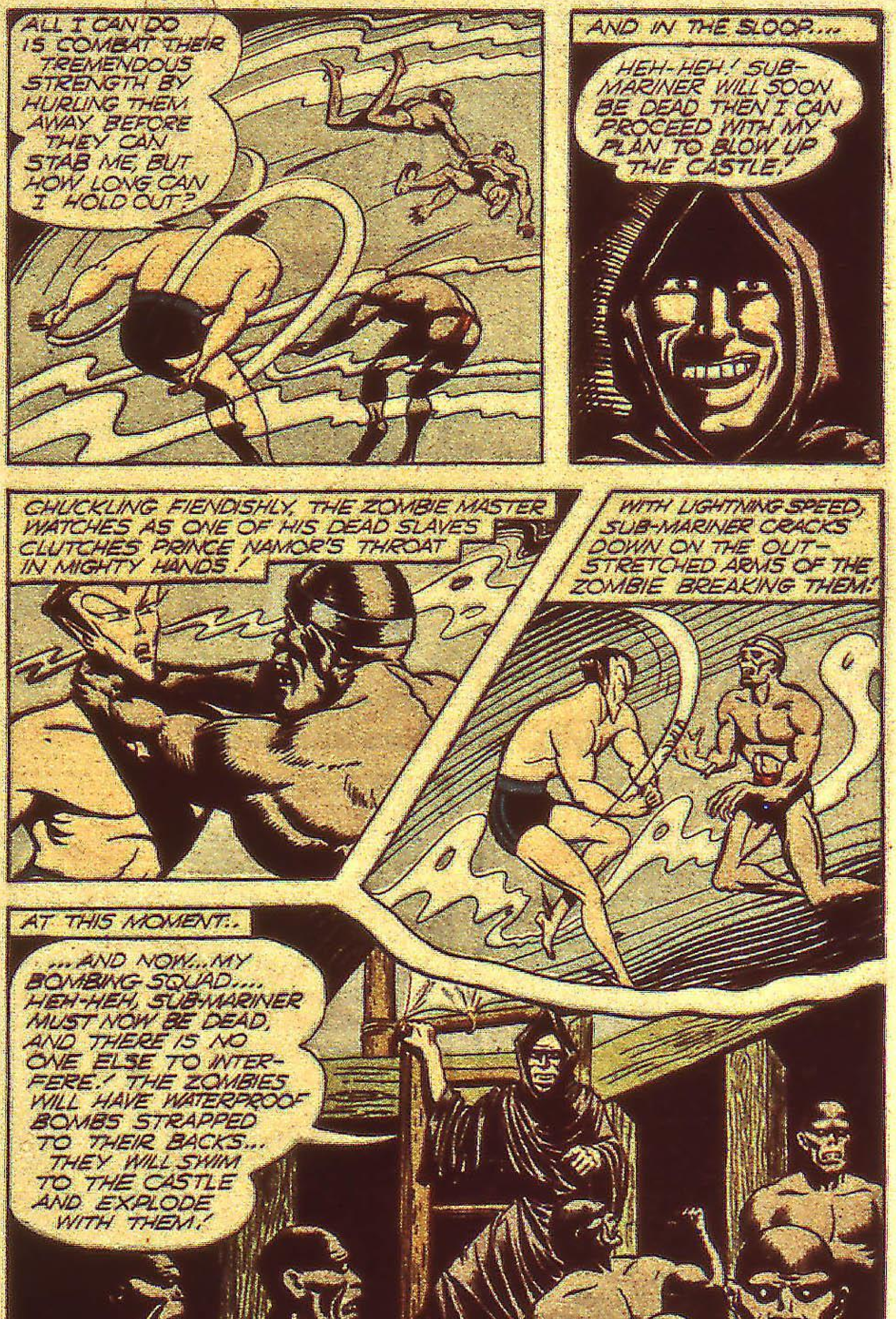

SWIFTLY SUB-MARINER PLUNGES INTO THE WATERS OF THE HARBOR....
STRANGE...THESE MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSIONS ONLY HAPPEN ON DOCKS! THEREFORE THE HARBOR MAY YIELD SOME CLUE!
SEARCHING UNDERWATER, PRINCE NAMOR COMES UPON....
HMM...A MECHANICAL DEVICE ATTACHED TO A HEADBAND!
SUDDENLY
THERE'S SOMEONE COMING SWIMMING UNDERWATER! BETTER SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!
LOOKS LIKE HE'S COMING IN TO KILL... OH, OH, A HEADBAND LIKE THE ONE I JUST FOUND, BUT HIS FACE ...IT'S...IT'S GHASTLY!
HE DIDN'T EVEN SEEM TO FEEL THAT PUNCH...UNTIL THE HEADBAND FELL OFF! THEN HE WENT COMPLETELY LIMP!
POW!
SUB-MARINER PULLS THE BODY UP ONTO THE DOCK WHERE HE IS MET BY DR. HEINMAN...
HELLO, NAMOR! I SEE YOU'RE ALREADY ON THE JOB! WHO'S THAT YOU HAVE?
I DON'T KNOW YET, DOC! HE'S DEAD!...I'D LIKE YOU TO HELP ME EXAMINE HIM!

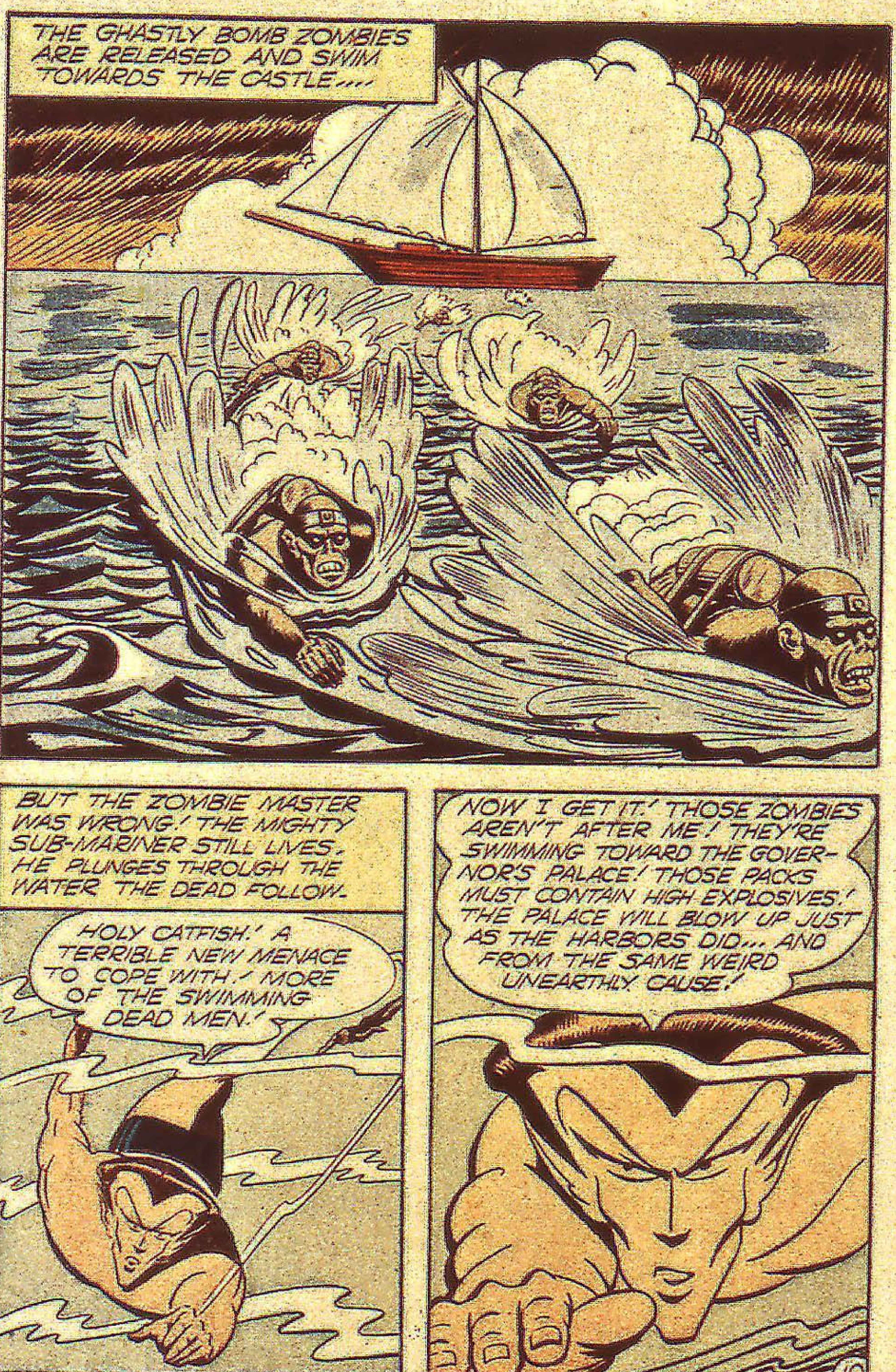

THIS MAN HAS OBVIOUSLY JUST DIED OF DROWNING! IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING FOR HIM!
IT'S A LOT TOO LATE! THAT FACE IS THE FACE OF A MAN LONG DEAD! THIS IS THE STRANGEST CASE I'VE EVER TACKLED!
SUDDENLY THE SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVE BOY RUSHES UP AND...
THAT MY BROTHER, TOIA! HIM LOOK AWFUL, DON'T HE? THREE YEARS AGO HIM TOOK JOB IN HAITI! NEVER SEEN HIM SINCE!
HAITI! HAITI! IS FAMED AMONG ALL THE WEST INDIAN PEOPLE FOR ITS ZOMBIES I WONDER?
OH MAMA WILL FEEL SO BAD WHEN SHE SEES HIM!
DON'T WORRY, KID! WE'LL TAKE YOUR BROTHER HOME WHERE HE CAN GET A PROPER BURIAL!
LATER AS DAWN BREAKS OVER THE REMOTE VILLAGE, A WEIRD SPECTACLE TAKES PLACE, THE SAVAGE WAKE FOR THE DEAD! AND OUT OF THE SHADOWS A BLACK ROBED FIGURE DRAWS THE LITTLE BROTHER ASIDE...
PSST! TELL YOUR FRIEND SUB-MARINER TO WATCH AFTER THE BURIAL HAS BEEN PREPARED!...HE WILL SEE SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING!
YASSAH! I TELL HIM!

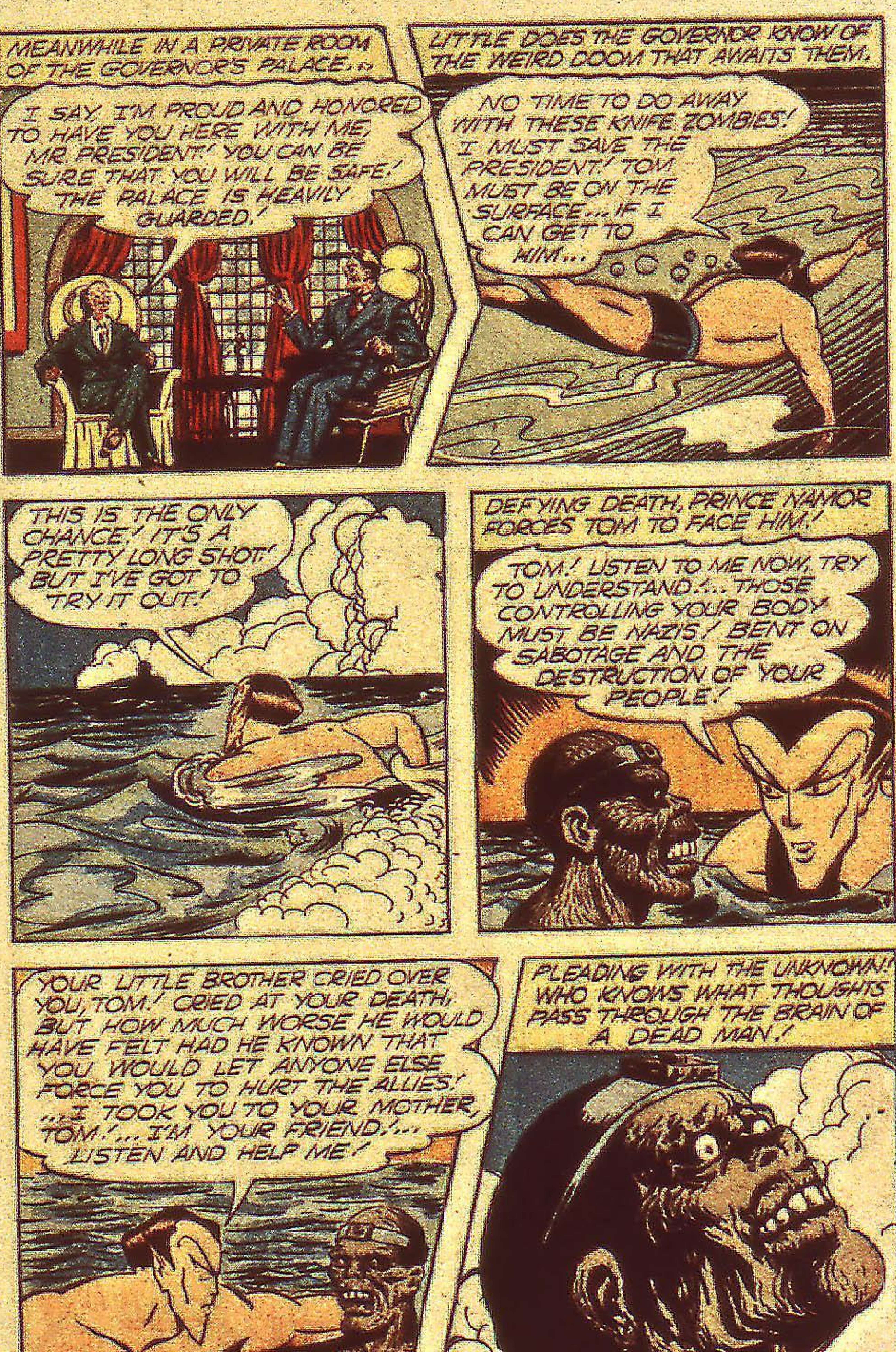

A LITTLE LATER, SUB-MARINER WATCHES THE MOTHER WHO IS NOW ALONE WITH HER DEAD SON.
THAT BOY TOLD ME SOMETHING INTERESTING WOULD HAPPEN HERE BEFORE THEY BURIED HIS BROTHER! I WONDER... SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE COME HERE BEFORE ME TO PUT ANOTHER HEADBAND ON THE CORPSE!
SUDDENLY!
MEANWHILE AT A LITTLE DISTANCE!
ARISE, TOM! THE MASTER ORDERS YOU TO THE HARBOR! SWIM TOM! SWIM TO THE SHIP IN THE HARBOR!
THE CORPSE... WALKING!... THAT FANTASTIC STORY IS TRUE! THAT DEAD MAN IS A ZOMBIE! FORCED TO DO EVIL IN HIS DESPERATE HOPE FOR FINAL PEACE!
NO WONDER HE COULD SWIM AND FIGHT UNDERWATER... DEAD MEN DON'T NEED TO BREATHE!
HE'S SWIMMING TOWARD THE HARBOR! I'LL FOLLOW AND TRY TO LEARN THE SECRET OF THIS GRUESOME THING!

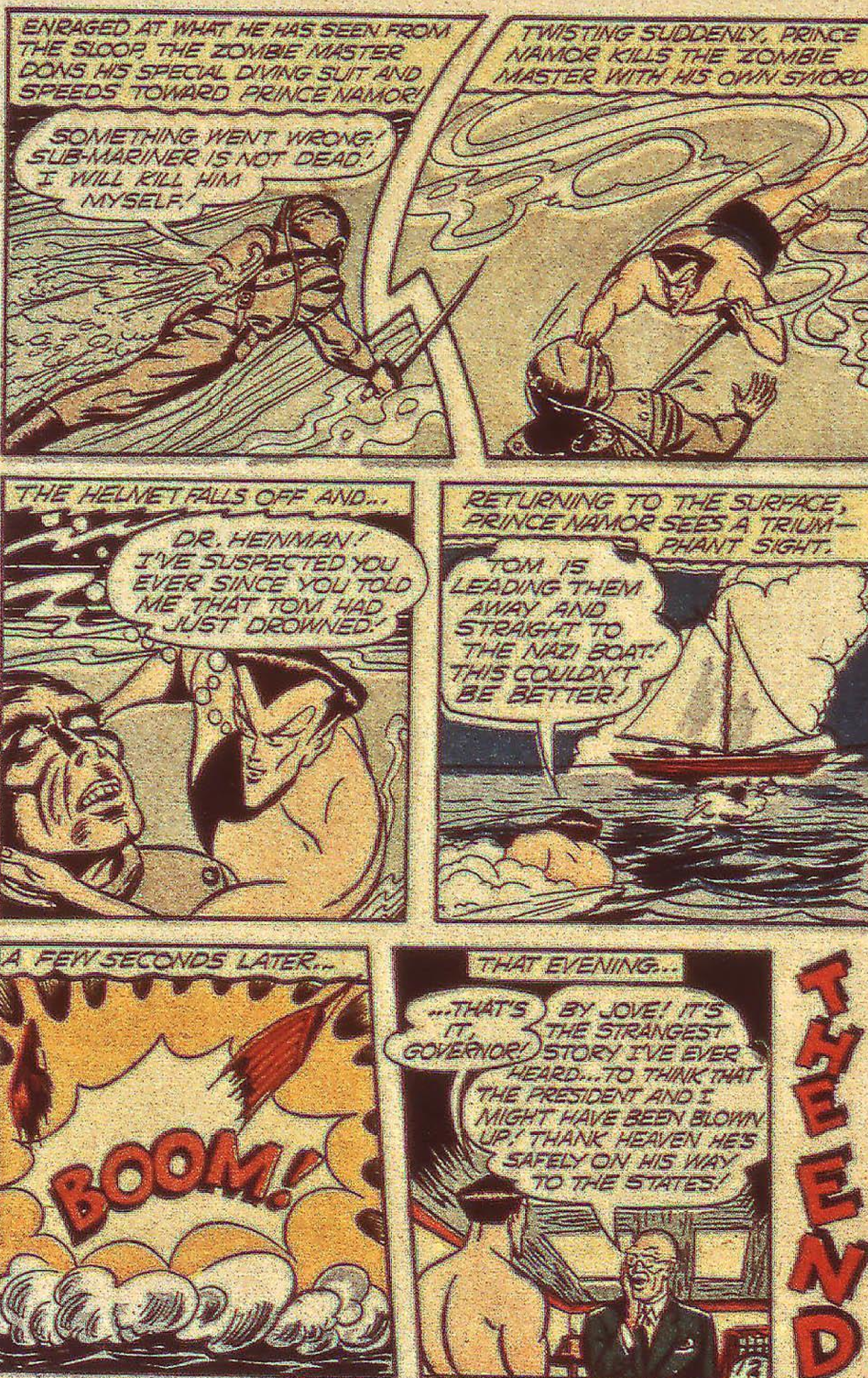

MEANWHILE JUST BEYOND THE ENTRANCE OF THE HARBOR AN INNOCENT LOOKING FISHING CRAFT AND ITS CREW GO CALMLY ABOUT THEIR WORK...
BUT DESPITE THE WELL DISGUISED CREW, AN INNER CHAMBER OF THE VESSEL HOLDS HORROR...BLOOD CURDLING MYSTERY...DEATH!
HEH-HEH! MY ZOMBIE SLAVES HAVE DONE WELL! MANY HAVE BLOWN UP HARBORS AND THEMSELVES! IN THE SEARCH OF REAL DEATH, THEY HAVE SABOTAGED BRITISH AND UNITED STATES WEAPONS!
DOT ISS SO CLEVER, GREAT ZOMBIE MASTER! VOT IS DER NEXT PLAN?
HEH-HEH TODAY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IS STAYING WITH THE GOVERNOR IN YON PALACE!... WITH BOMBS STRAPPED TO THEIR BACKS, MY ZOMBIES WILL SWIM TO THE PALACE... THROW THEMSELVES ON IT... AND ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION!... THIS TIME KILLING THE PRESIDENT!
DOT VILL BE DER GREATEST FEAT YOU HAF YET ACCOMPLISHED! HITLER VILL REVARD YOU ABOF ALL HIS HEROES!

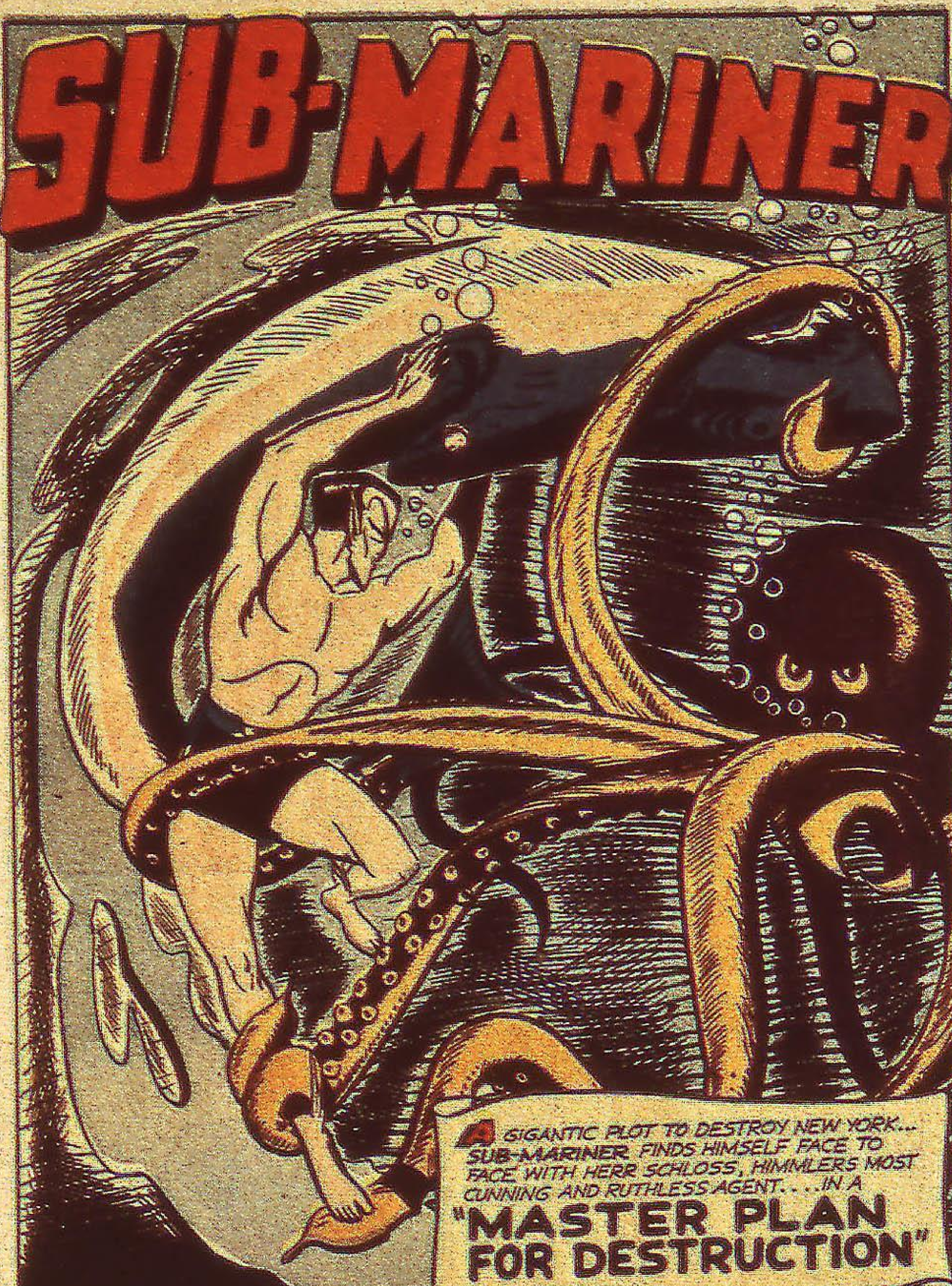

SUB-MARINER IS THE ONLY DANGER, BUT I HAVE PLANNED TO TAKE CARE OF HIM!
YAH! ISS GOOT! ONE OF DER ZOMBIES LURES HIM HERE NOW!
YOU SIX WITH KNIVES... ARISE! I WILL RELEASE YOU INTO THE WATER! SWIM, DEAD MEN! SWIM WITH YOUR KNIVES AND KILL SUB-MARINER!
MEANWHILE...
I HAVE A HUNCH THERE'S MORE DANGER AHEAD, BUT I MUST KEEP ON UNTIL I DISCOVER WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
THE DEAD TOM SWIMS LISTLESSLY TO THE SURFACE AS...
MORE ZOMBIES! SIX OF THEM! THIS SCHEME IS WORSE THAN I THOUGHT! CAN I FIGHT THEM OFF?
BAM!
HOW CAN I CONQUER THESE CREATURES WHEN THEY'RE ALREADY DEAD! PERHAPS THIS IS THE END!

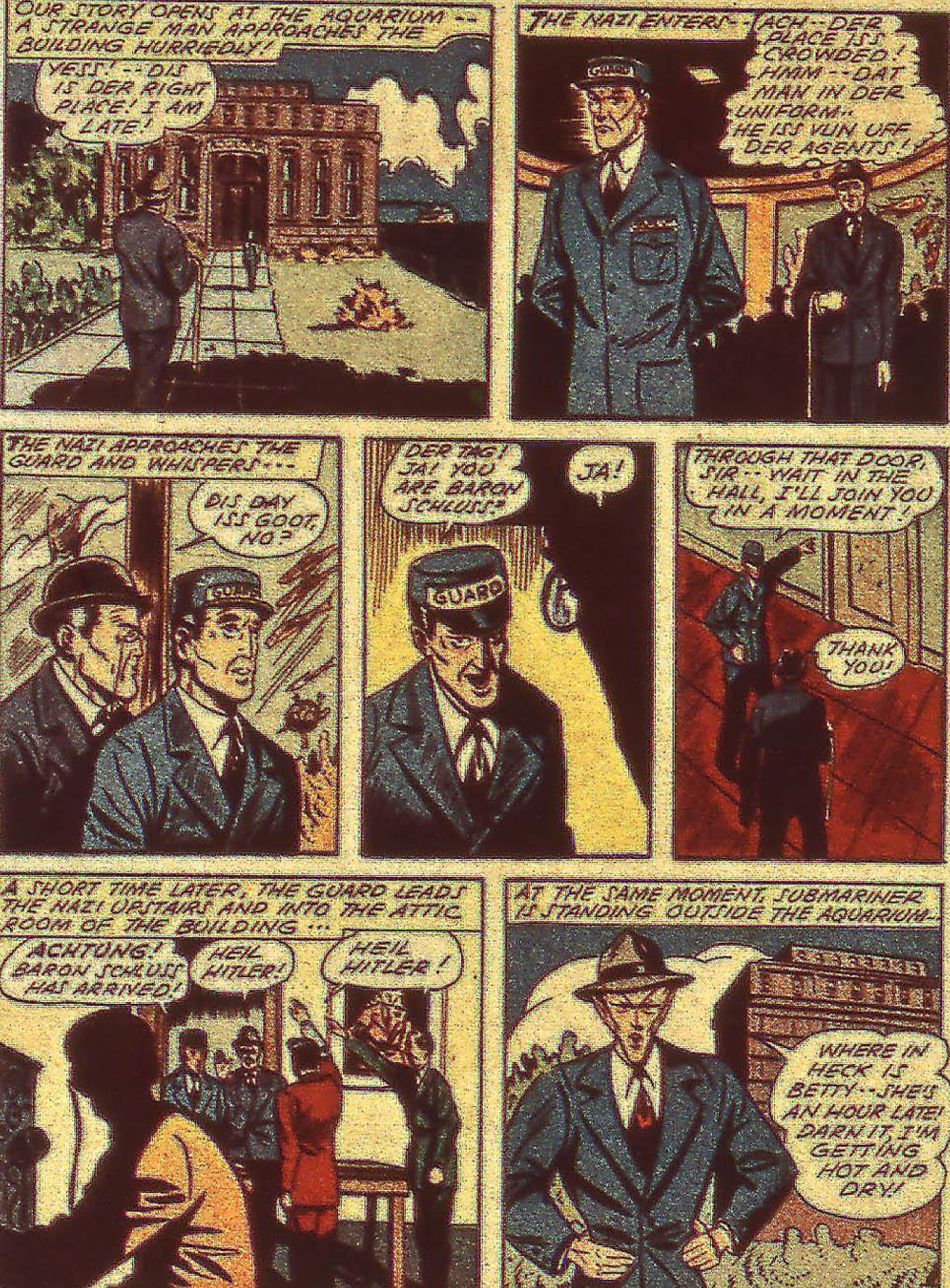

ALL I CAN DO IS COMBAT THEIR TREMENDOUS STRENGTH BY HURLING THEM AWAY BEFORE THEY CAN STAB ME, BUT HOW LONG CAN I HOLD OUT?
AND IN THE SLOOP...
HEH-HEH! SUB-MARINER WILL SOON BE DEAD THEN I CAN PROCEED WITH MY PLAN TO BLOW UP THE CASTLE!
CHUCKLING FIENDISHLY, THE ZOMBIE MASTER WATCHES AS ONE OF HIS DEAD SLAVES CLUTCHES PRINCE NAMOR'S THROAT IN MIGHTY HANDS!
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, SUB-MARINER CRACKS DOWN ON THE OUT-STRETCHED ARMS OF THE ZOMBIE BREAKING THEM!
AT THIS MOMENT..
...AND NOW...MY BOMBING SQUAD.... HEH-HEH, SUB-MARINER MUST NOW BE DEAD, AND THERE IS NO ONE ELSE TO INTERFERE! THE ZOMBIES WILL HAVE WATERPROOF BOMBS STRAPPED TO THEIR BACKS... THEY WILL SWIM TO THE CASTLE AND EXPLODE WITH THEM!

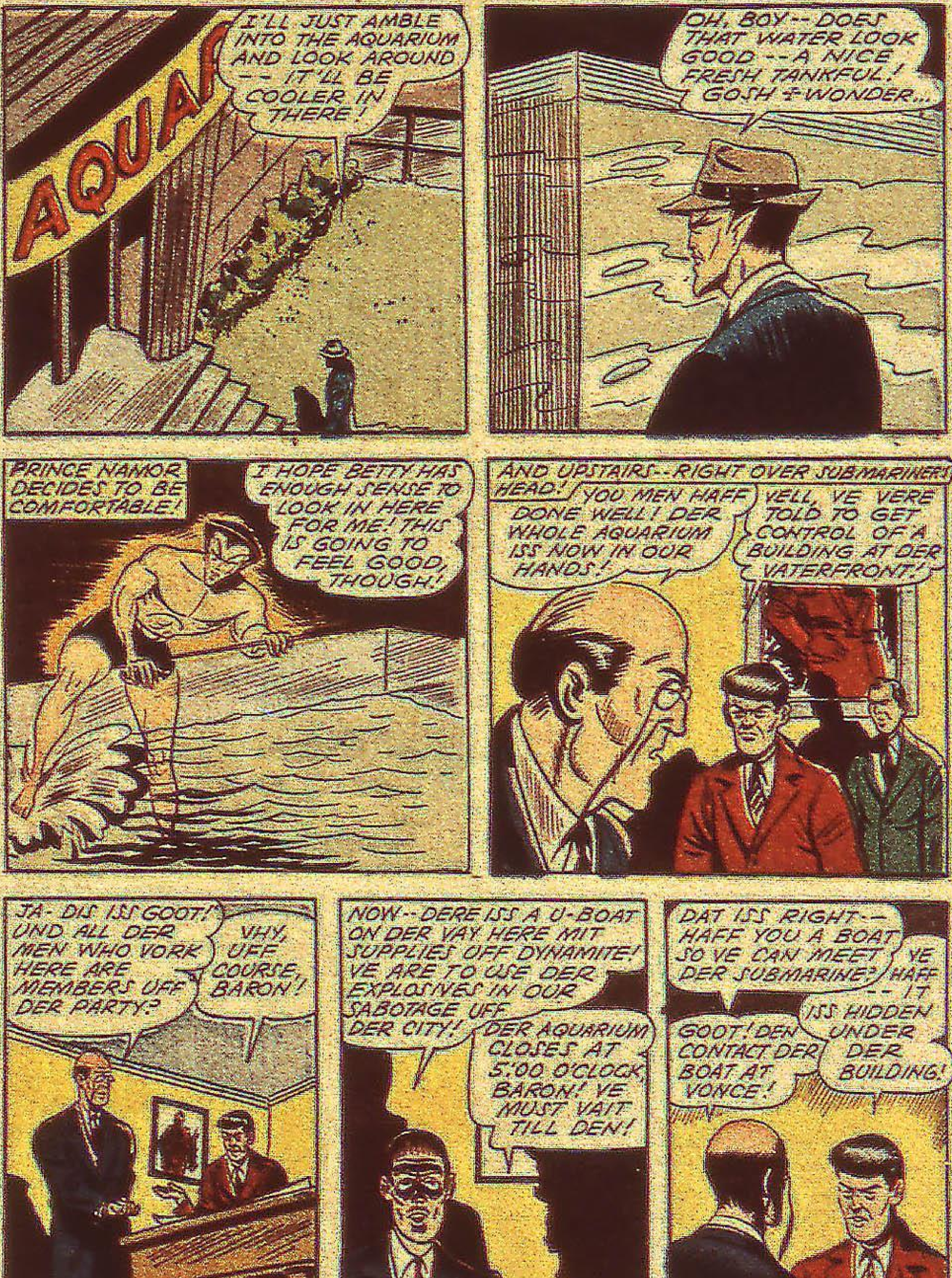

THE GHASTLY BOMB ZOMBIES ARE RELEASED AND SWIM TOWARDS THE CASTLE....
BUT THE ZOMBIE MASTER WAS WRONG! THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER STILL LIVES. HE PLUNGES THROUGH THE WATER THE DEAD FOLLOW.
HOLY CATFISH! A TERRIBLE NEW MENACE TO COPE WITH - MORE OF THE SWIMMING DEAD MEN!
NOW I GET IT! THOSE ZOMBIES AREN'T AFTER ME! THEY'RE SWIMMING TOWARD THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE! THOSE PACKS MUST CONTAIN HIGH EXPLOSIVES! THE PALACE WILL BLOW UP JUST AS THE HARBORS DID... AND FROM THE SAME WEIRD UNEARTHLY CAUSE!

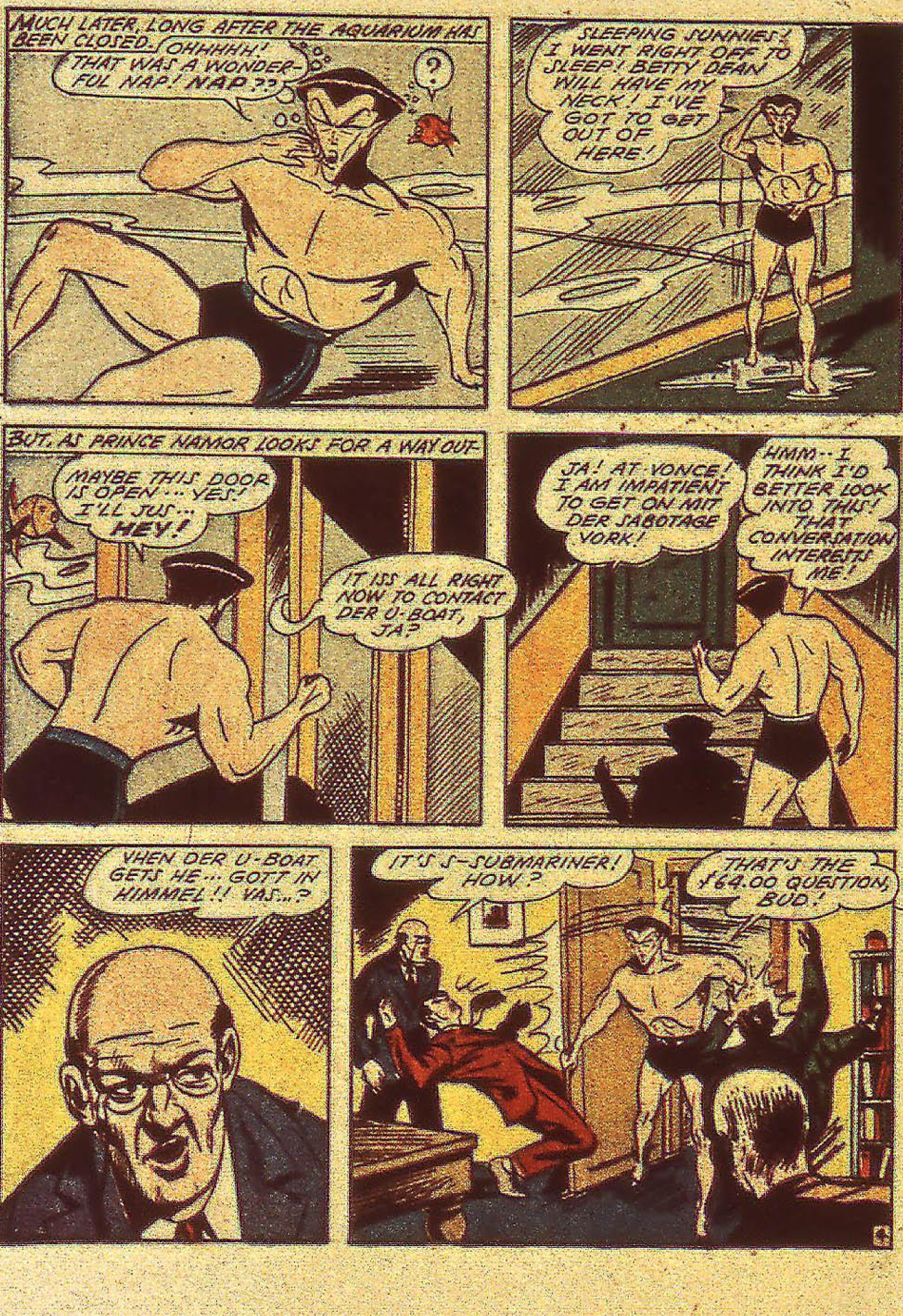

MEANWHILE IN A PRIVATE ROOM OF THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE...
I SAY, I'M PROUD AND HONORED TO HAVE YOU HERE WITH ME, MR. PRESIDENT! YOU CAN BE SURE THAT YOU WILL BE SAFE! THE PALACE IS HEAVILY GUARDED!
LITTLE DOES THE GOVERNOR KNOW OF THE WEIRD DOOM THAT AWAITS THEM.
NO TIME TO DO AWAY WITH THESE KNIFE ZOMBIES! I MUST SAVE THE PRESIDENT! TOM MUST BE ON THE SURFACE... IF I CAN GET TO HIM...
THIS IS THE ONLY CHANCE! IT'S A PRETTY LONG SHOT! BUT I'VE GOT TO TRY IT OUT!
DEFYING DEATH, PRINCE NAMOR FORCES TOM TO FACE HIM!
TOM! LISTEN TO ME NOW, TRY TO UNDERSTAND!... THOSE CONTROLLING YOUR BODY MUST BE NAZIS! BENT ON SABOTAGE AND THE DESTRUCTION OF YOUR PEOPLE!
YOUR LITTLE BROTHER CRIED OVER YOU, TOM! CRIED AT YOUR DEATH, BUT HOW MUCH WORSE HE WOULD HAVE FELT HAD HE KNOWN THAT YOU WOULD LET ANYONE ELSE FORCE YOU TO HURT THE ALLIES! ...I TOOK YOU TO YOUR MOTHER, TOM!... I'M YOUR FRIEND!... LISTEN AND HELP ME!
PLEADING WITH THE UNKNOWN! WHO KNOWS WHAT THOUGHTS PASS THROUGH THE BRAIN OF A DEAD MAN!

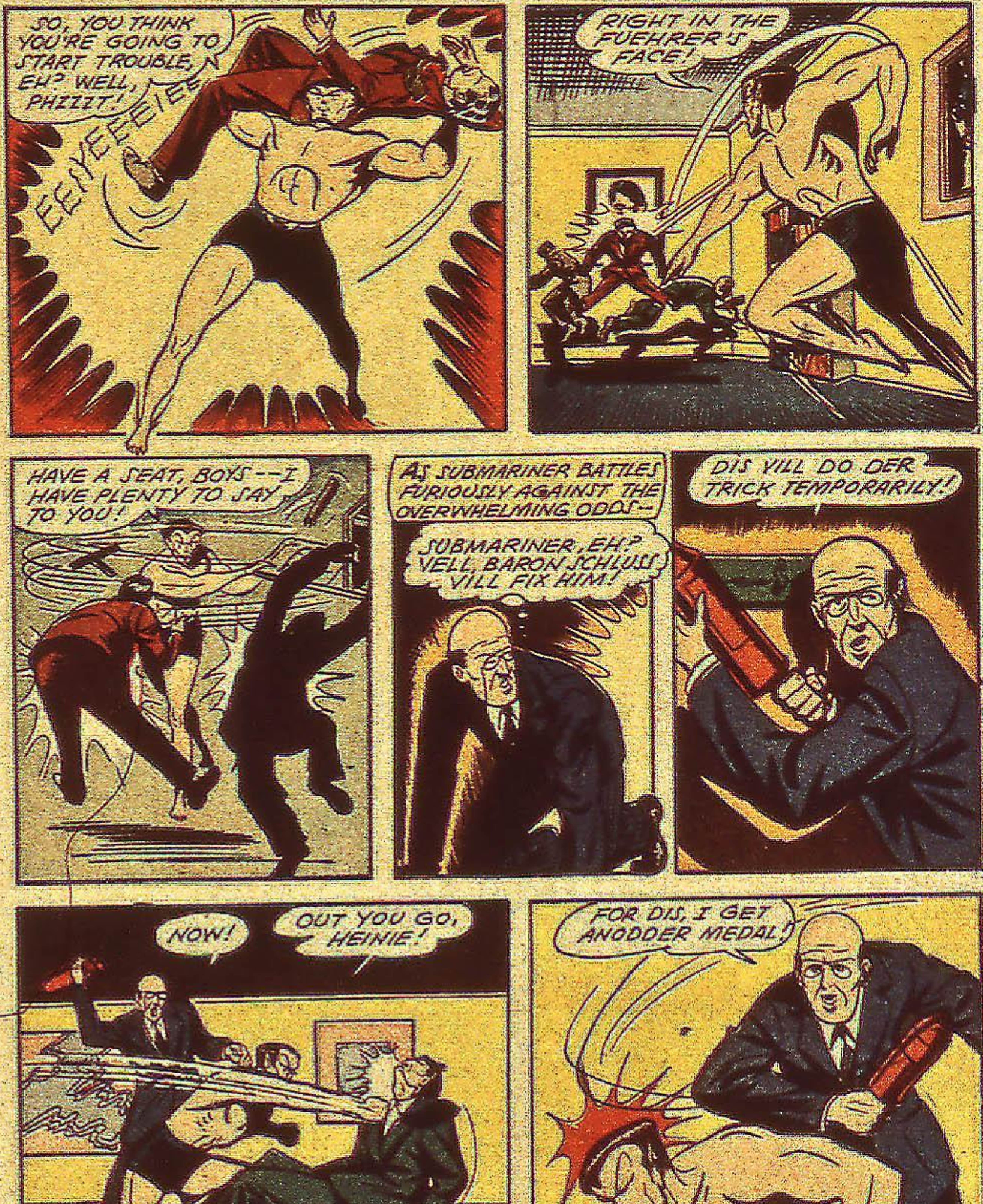

ENRAGED AT WHAT HE HAS SEEN FROM THE SLOOP, THE ZOMBIE MASTER DONS HIS SPECIAL DIVING SUIT AND SPEEDS TOWARD PRINCE NAMOR!
SOMETHING WENT WRONG! SUB-MARINER IS NOT DEAD! I WILL KILL HIM MYSELF!
TWISTING SUDDENLY, PRINCE NAMOR KILLS THE ZOMBIE MASTER WITH HIS OWN SWORD.
THE HELMET FALLS OFF AND...
DR. HEINMAN! I'VE SUSPECTED YOU EVER SINCE YOU TOLD ME THAT TOM HAD JUST DROWNED!
RETURNING TO THE SURFACE, PRINCE NAMOR SEES A TRIUMPHANT SIGHT.
TOM IS LEADING THEM AWAY AND STRAIGHT TO THE NAZI BOAT! THIS COULDN'T BE BETTER!
A FEW SECONDS LATER...
BOOM!
THAT EVENING...
...THAT'S IT, GOVERNOR!
BY JOVE! IT'S THE STRANGEST STORY I'VE EVER HEARD...TO THINK THAT THE PRESIDENT AND I MIGHT HAVE BEEN BLOWN UP! THANK HEAVEN HE'S SAFELY ON HIS WAY TO THE STATES!
12
THE END

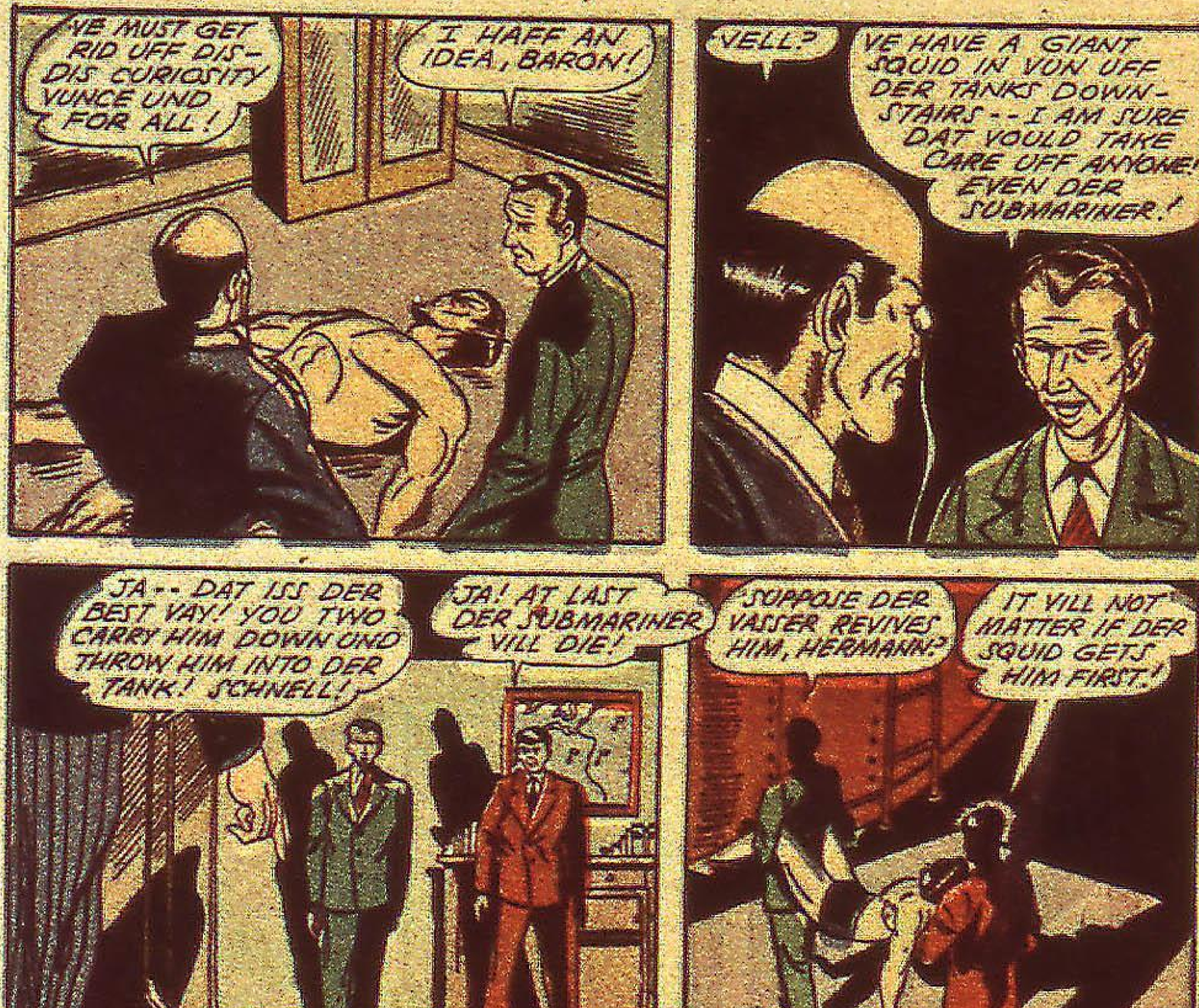

SUB-MARINER
A GIGANTIC PLOT TO DESTROY NEW YORK... SUB-MARINER FINDS HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH HERR SCHLOSS, HIMMLERS MOST CUNNING AND RUTHLESS AGENT. . . .IN A
"MASTER PLAN FOR DESTRUCTION"

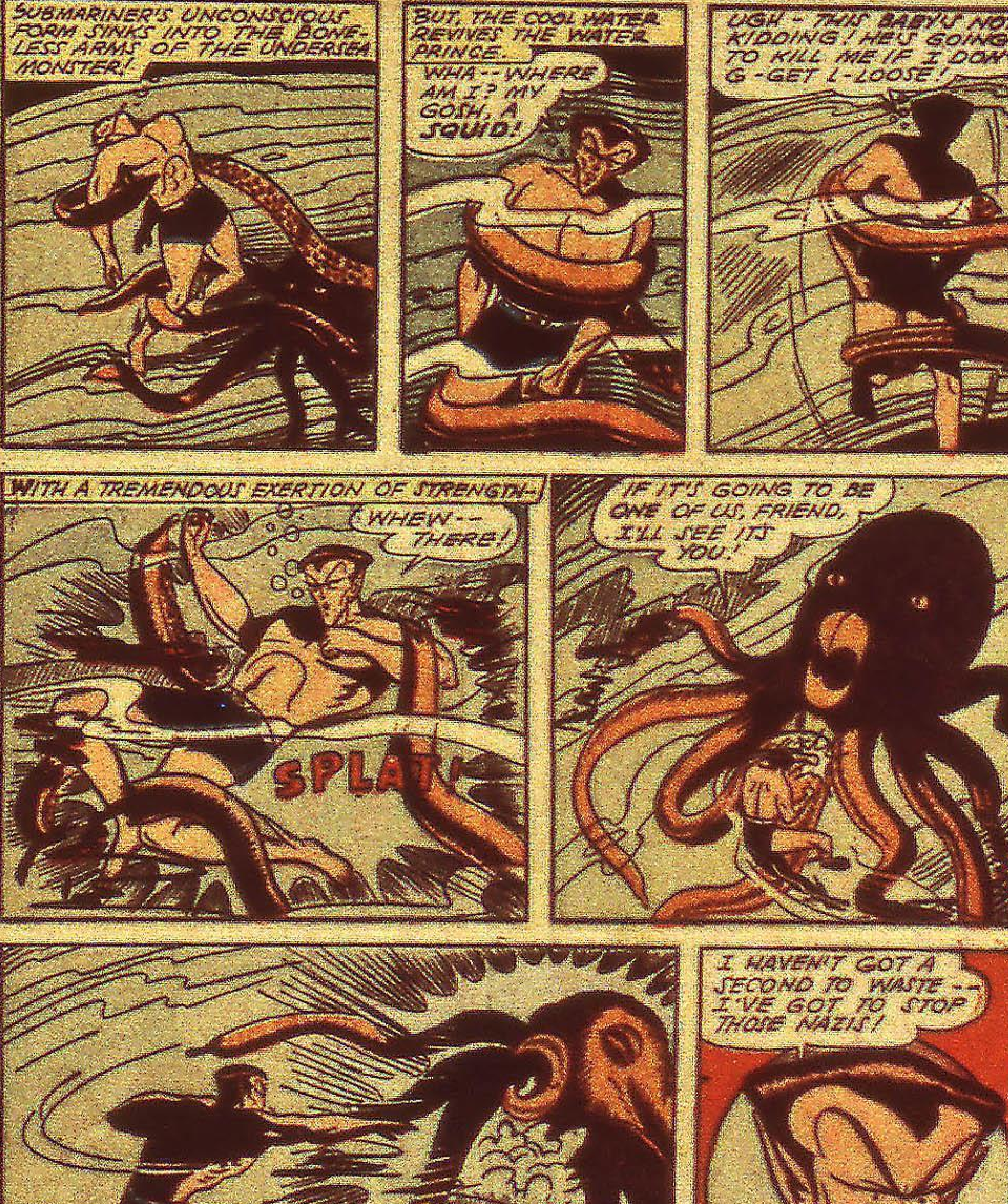

OUR STORY OPENS AT THE AQUARIUM -- A STRANGE MAN APPROACHES THE BUILDING HURRIEDLY!
YESS! --DIS IS DER RIGHT PLACE! I AM LATE!
THE NAZI ENTERS--
ACH--DER PLACE ISS CROWDED! HMM--DAT MAN IN DER UNIFORM.. HE ISS VUN UFF DER AGENTS!
THE NAZI APPROACHES THE GUARD AND WHISPERS---
DIS DAY ISS GOOT, NO?
GUARD
DER TAG! JA! YOU ARE BARON SCHLUSS?
JA!
GUARD
THROUGH THAT DOOR, SIR-- WAIT IN THE HALL, I'LL JOIN YOU IN A MOMENT!
THANK YOU!
A SHORT TIME LATER, THE GUARD LEADS THE NAZI UPSTAIRS AND INTO THE ATTIC ROOM OF THE BUILDING ...
ACHTUNG! BARON SCHLUSS HAS ARRIVED!
HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!
AT THE SAME MOMENT, SUBMARINER IS STANDING OUTSIDE THE AQUARIUM--
WHERE IN HECK IS BETTY--SHE'S AN HOUR LATE! DARN IT, I'M GETTING HOT AND DRY!

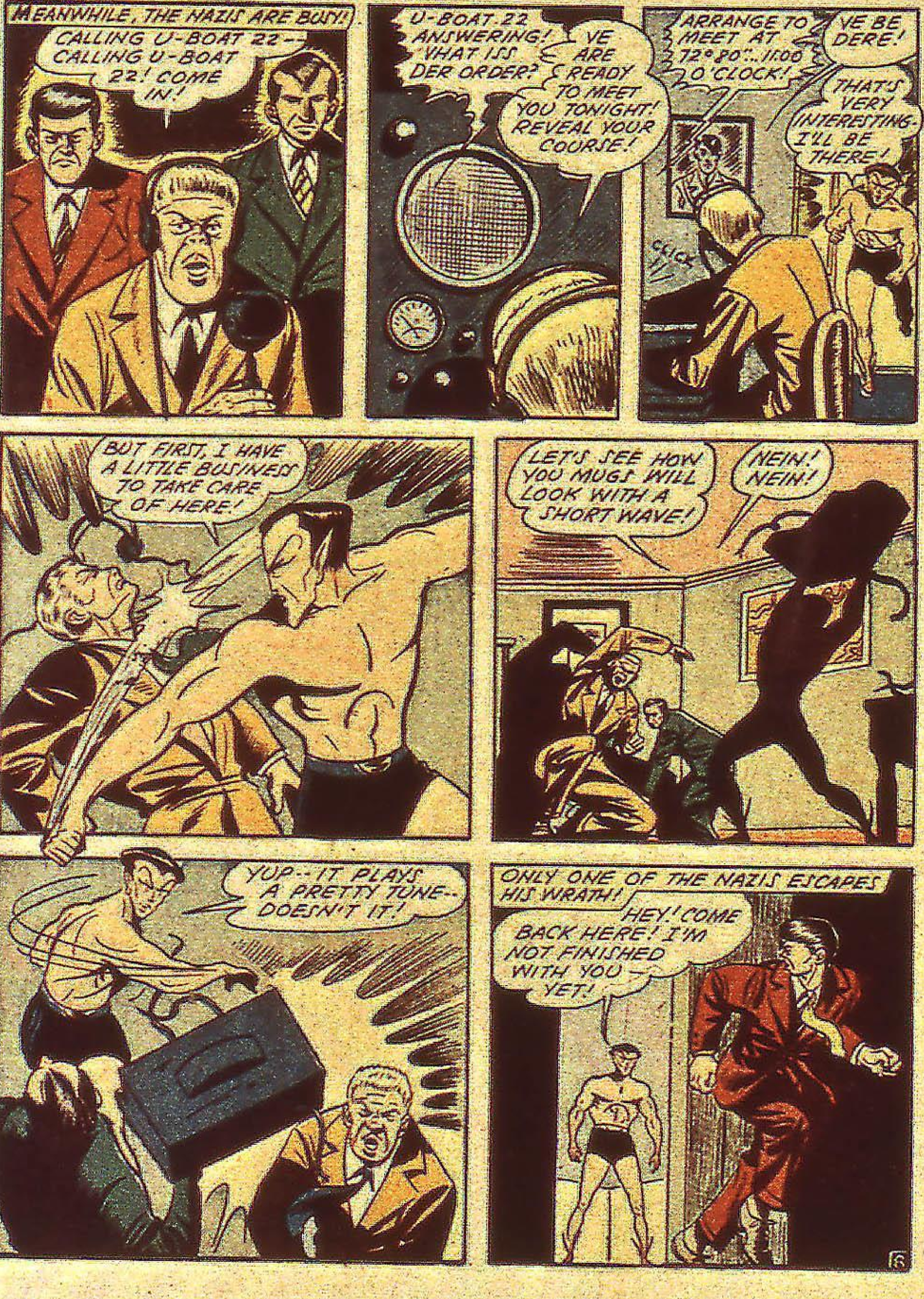

AQUA
I'LL JUST AMBLE INTO THE AQUARIUM AND LOOK AROUND -- IT'LL BE COOLER IN THERE!
OH, BOY -- DOES THAT WATER LOOK GOOD -- A NICE FRESH TANKFUL! GOSH -- I WONDER...
PRINCE NAMOR DECIDES TO BE COMFORTABLE!
I HOPE BETTY HAS ENOUGH SENSE TO LOOK IN HERE FOR ME! THIS IS GOING TO FEEL GOOD, THOUGH!
AND UPSTAIRS -- RIGHT OVER SUBMARINER'S HEAD!
YOU MEN HAFF DONE WELL! DER WHOLE AQUARIUM ISS NOW IN OUR HANDS!
VELL, VE VERE TOLD TO GET CONTROL OF A BUILDING AT DER VATERFRONT!
JA- DIS ISS GOOT! UND ALL DER MEN WHO VORK HERE ARE MEMBERS UFF DER PARTY?
VHY, UFF COURSE, BARON!
NOW -- DERE ISS A U-BOAT ON DER VAY HERE MIT SUPPLIES UFF DYNAMITE! VE ARE TO USE DER EXPLOSIVES IN OUR SABOTAGE UFF DER CITY!
DER AQUARIUM CLOSES AT 5:00 O'CLOCK, BARON! VE MUST VAIT TILL DEN!
DAT ISS RIGHT -- HAFF YOU A BOAT SO VE CAN MEET DER SUBMARINE?
VE HAFF -- IT ISS HIDDEN UNDER DER BUILDING!
GOOT! DEN CONTACT DER BOAT AT VONCE!

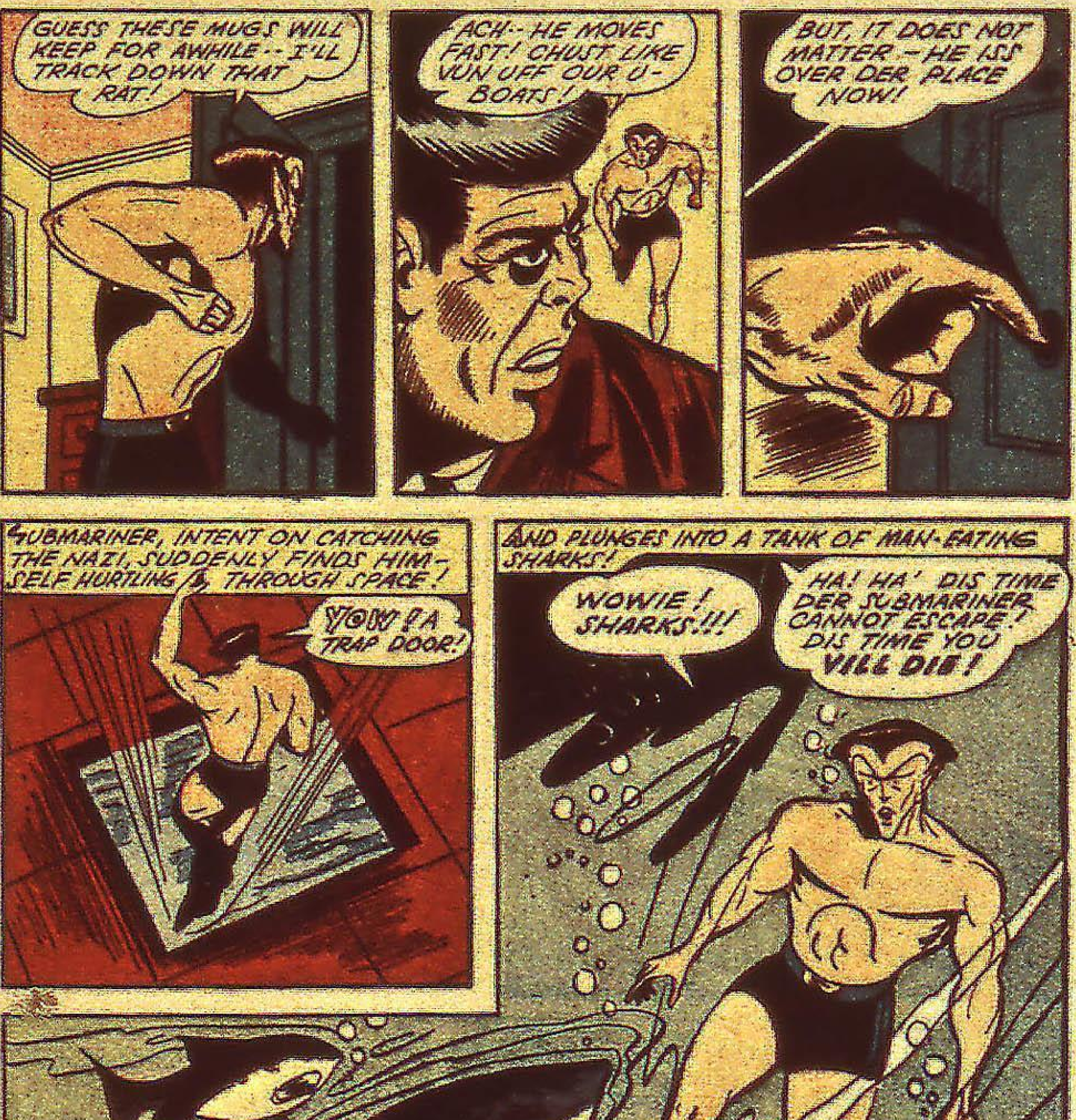

MUCH LATER, LONG AFTER THE AQUARIUM HAS BEEN CLOSED-
OHHHHH! THAT WAS A WONDERFUL NAP! NAP??
?
SLEEPING SUNNIES! I WENT RIGHT OFF TO SLEEP! BETTY DEAN WILL HAVE MY NECK! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
BUT, AS PRINCE NAMOR LOOKS FOR A WAY OUT-
MAYBE THIS DOOR IS OPEN... YES! I'LL JUS... HEY!
IT ISS ALL RIGHT NOW TO CONTACT DER U-BOAT, JA?
JA! AT VONCE! I AM IMPATIENT TO GET ON MIT DER SABOTAGE VORK!
HMM.. I THINK I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS! THAT CONVERSATION INTERESTS ME!
VHEN DER U-BOAT GETS HE... GOTT IN HIMMEL!! VAS...?
IT'S S-SUBMARINER! HOW?
THAT'S THE $64.00 QUESTION, BUD!

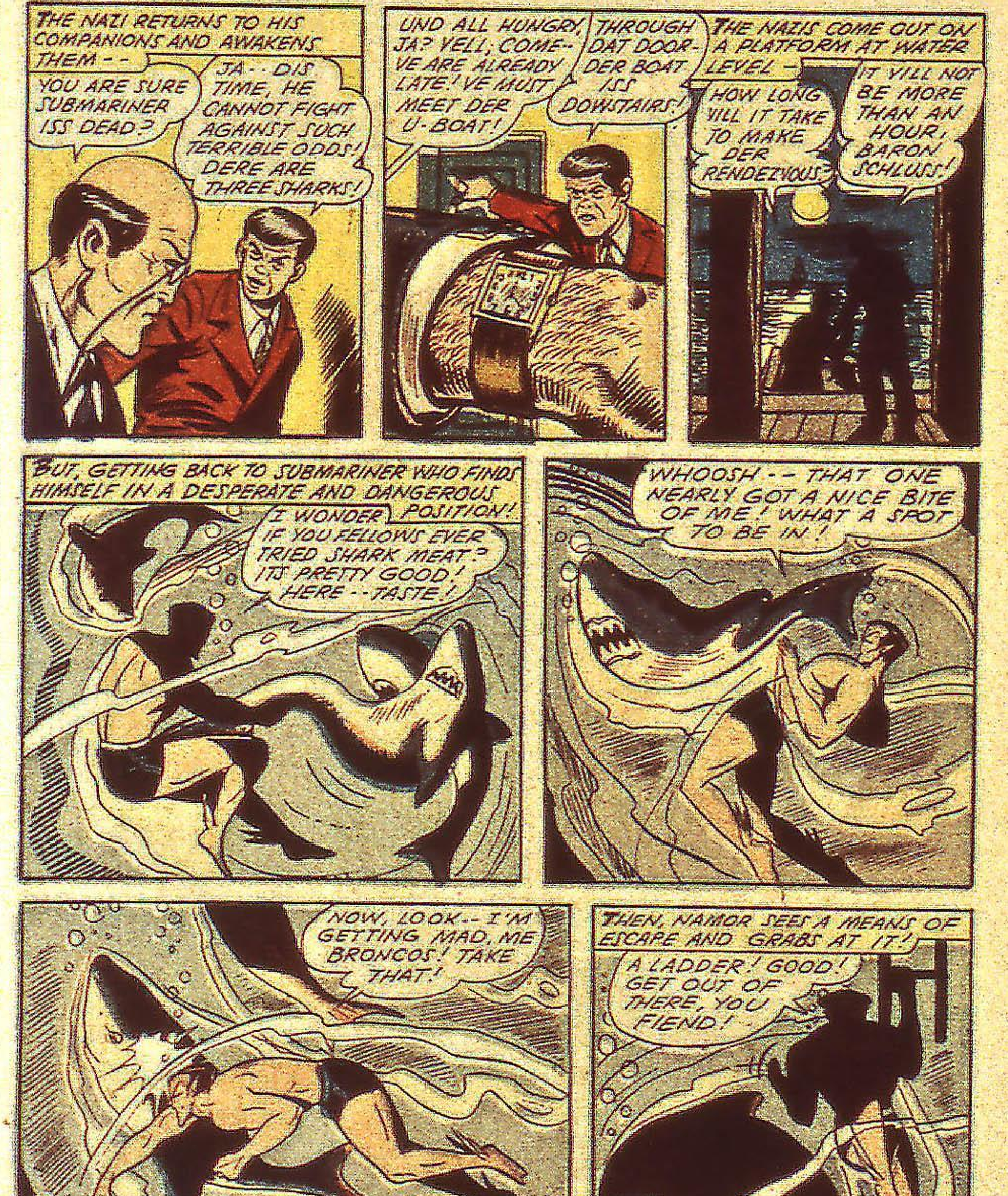

SO, YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO START TROUBLE, EH? WELL, PHZZZT!
EEEYEEEEIEEE
RIGHT IN THE FUEHRER'S FACE!
HAVE A SEAT, BOYS -- I HAVE PLENTY TO SAY TO YOU!
AS SUBMARINER BATTLES FURIOUSLY AGAINST THE OVERWHELMING ODDS --
SUBMARINER, EH? VELL, BARON SCHLUSS VILL FIX HIM!
DIS VILL DO DER TRICK TEMPORARILY!
NOW!
OUT YOU GO, HEINIE!
FOR DIS, I GET ANODDER MEDAL!
5

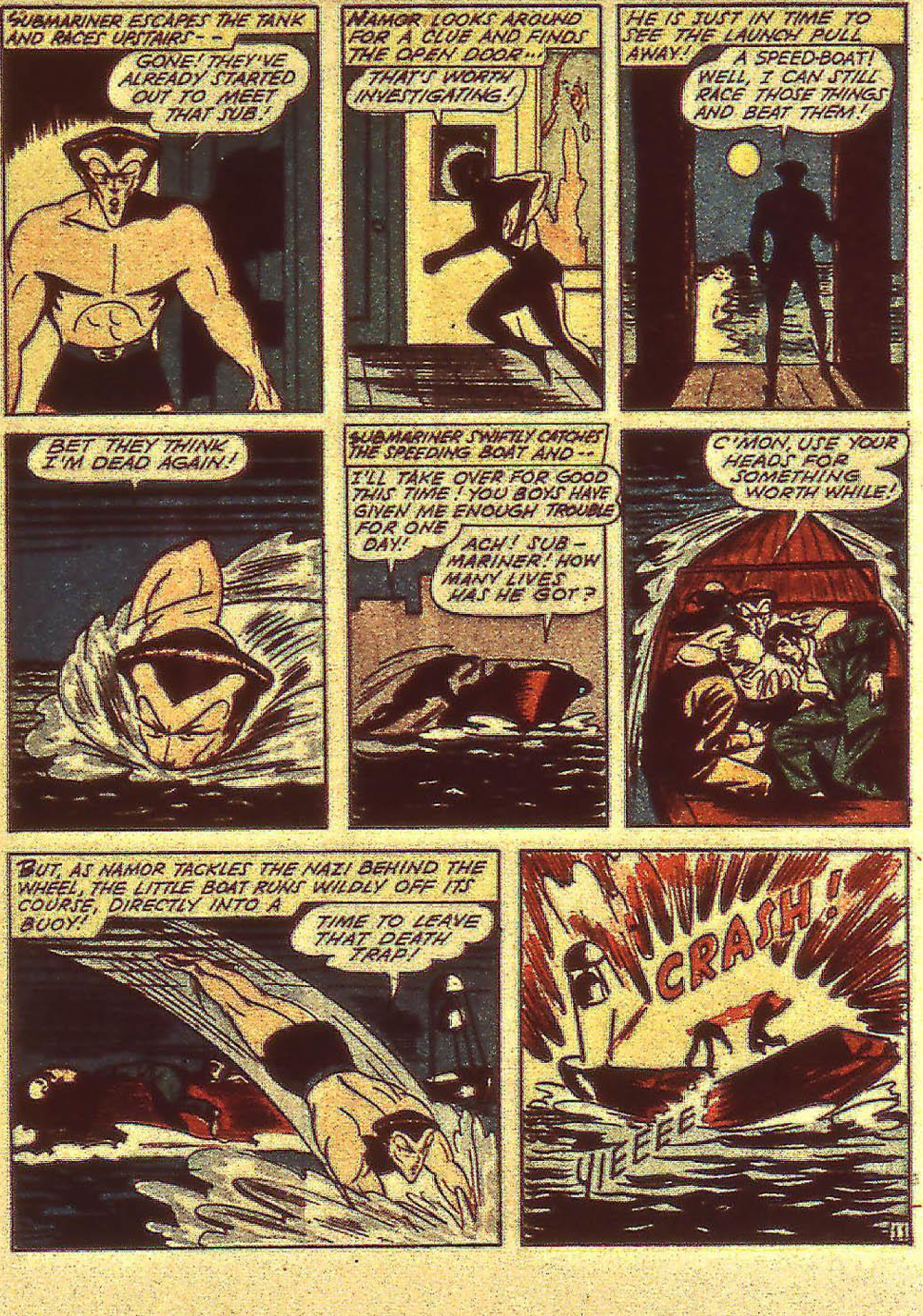

VE MUST GET RID UFF DIS-DIS CURIOSITY VUNCE UND FOR ALL!
I HAFF AN IDEA, BARON!
VELL?
VE HAVE A GIANT SQUID IN VUN UFF DER TANKS DOWN-STAIRS--I AM SURE DAT VOULD TAKE CARE UFF ANYONE! EVEN DER SUBMARINER!
JA--DAT ISS DER BEST VAY! YOU TWO CARRY HIM DOWN UND THROW HIM INTO DER TANK! SCHNELL!
JA! AT LAST DER SUBMARINER VILL DIE!
SUPPOSE DER VASSER REVIVES HIM, HERMANN?
IT VILL NOT MATTER IF DER SQUID GETS HIM FIRST!
YOU SEE--VE THROW HIM RIGHT INTO DER ARMS UFF DER BEAST!
JA..NOW, NODDING CAN SAVE HIM, JA!

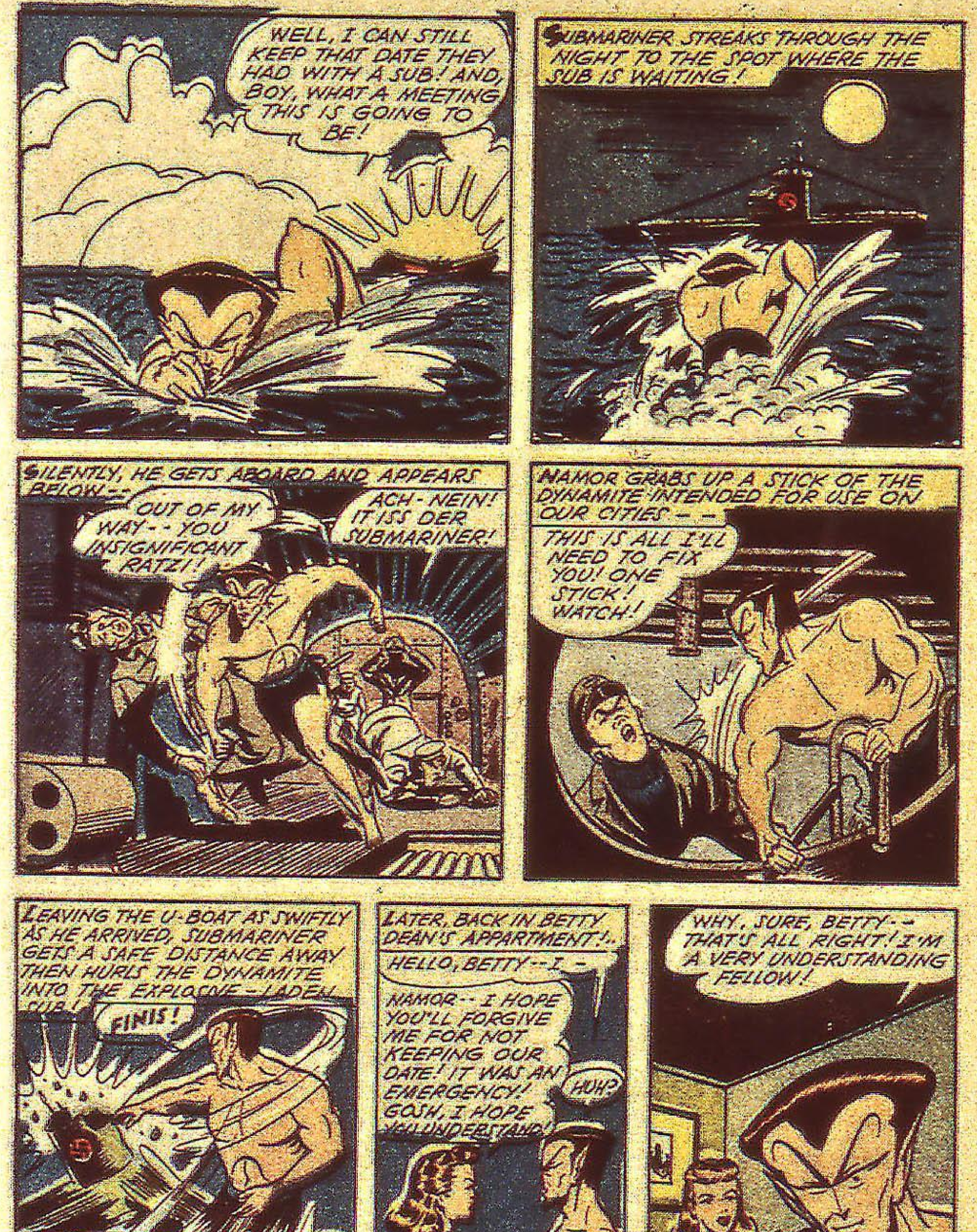

SUBMARINER'S UNCONSCIOUS FORM SINKS INTO THE BONELESS ARMS OF THE UNDERSEA MONSTER!
BUT, THE COOL WATER REVIVES THE WATER PRINCE.
WHA--WHERE AM I? MY GOSH, A **SQUID**!
UGH - THIS BABY'S NOT KIDDING! HE'S GOING TO KILL ME IF I DON'T G-GET L-LOOSE!
WITH A TREMENDOUS EXERTION OF STRENGTH--
WHEW-- THERE!
SPLAT!
IF IT'S GOING TO BE ONE OF US, FRIEND, I'LL SEE IT'S YOU!
I HAVEN'T GOT A SECOND TO WASTE -- I'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE NAZIS!


MEANWHILE, THE NAZIS ARE BUSY!
CALLING U-BOAT 22-- CALLING U-BOAT 22! COME IN!
U-BOAT 22 ANSWERING! VHAT ISS DER ORDER?
VE ARE READY TO MEET YOU TONIGHT! REVEAL YOUR COURSE!
ARRANGE TO MEET AT 72° 80'... 11:00 O'CLOCK!
VE BE DERE!
THAT'S VERY INTERESTING-- I'LL BE THERE!
CLICK
BUT FIRST, I HAVE A LITTLE BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF HERE!
LET'S SEE HOW YOU MUGS WILL LOOK WITH A SHORT WAVE!
NEIN! NEIN!
YUP--IT PLAYS A PRETTY TUNE-- DOESN'T IT!
ONLY ONE OF THE NAZIS ESCAPES HIS WRATH!
HEY! COME BACK HERE! I'M NOT FINISHED WITH YOU -- YET!
6


GUESS THESE MUGS WILL KEEP FOR AWHILE -- I'LL TRACK DOWN THAT RAT!
ACH -- HE MOVES FAST! CHUST LIKE VUN UFF OUR U-BOATS!
BUT, IT DOES NOT MATTER -- HE ISS OVER DER PLACE NOW!
SUBMARINER, INTENT ON CATCHING THE NAZI, SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF HURTLING THROUGH SPACE!
YOW! A TRAP DOOR!
AND PLUNGES INTO A TANK OF MAN-EATING SHARKS!
WOWIE! SHARKS!!!
HA! HA! DIS TIME DER SUBMARINER CANNOT ESCAPE! DIS TIME YOU VILL DIE!


THE NAZI RETURNS TO HIS COMPANIONS AND AWAKENS THEM--
YOU ARE SURE SUBMARINER ISS DEAD?
JA-- DIS TIME, HE CANNOT FIGHT AGAINST SUCH TERRIBLE ODDS! DERE ARE THREE SHARKS!
UND ALL HUNGRY, JA? YELL; COME-- VE ARE ALREADY LATE! VE MUST MEET DER U-BOAT!
THROUGH DAT DOOR-- DER BOAT ISS DOWNSTAIRS!
THE NAZIS COME OUT ON A PLATFORM AT WATER LEVEL--
HOW LONG VILL IT TAKE TO MAKE DER RENDEZVOUS?
IT VILL NOT BE MORE THAN AN HOUR, BARON SCHLUSS!
BUT, GETTING BACK TO SUBMARINER WHO FINDS HIMSELF IN A DESPERATE AND DANGEROUS POSITION!
I WONDER IF YOU FELLOWS EVER TRIED SHARK MEAT? IT'S PRETTY GOOD! HERE--TASTE!
WHOOSH -- THAT ONE NEARLY GOT A NICE BITE OF ME! WHAT A SPOT TO BE IN!
NOW, LOOK-- I'M GETTING MAD, ME BRONCOS! TAKE THAT!
THEN, NAMOR SEES A MEANS OF ESCAPE AND GRABS AT IT!
A LADDER! GOOD! GET OUT OF THERE, YOU FIEND!
K


SUBMARINER ESCAPES THE TANK AND RACES UPSTAIRS--
GONE! THEY'VE ALREADY STARTED OUT TO MEET THAT SUB!
NAMOR LOOKS AROUND FOR A CLUE AND FINDS THE OPEN DOOR...
THAT'S WORTH INVESTIGATING!
HE IS JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE LAUNCH PULL AWAY!
A SPEED-BOAT! WELL, I CAN STILL RACE THOSE THINGS AND BEAT THEM!
BET THEY THINK I'M DEAD AGAIN!
SUBMARINER SWIFTLY CATCHES THE SPEEDING BOAT AND--
I'LL TAKE OVER FOR GOOD THIS TIME! YOU BOYS HAVE GIVEN ME ENOUGH TROUBLE FOR ONE DAY!
ACH! SUB-MARINER! HOW MANY LIVES HAS HE GOT?
C'MON, USE YOUR HEADS FOR SOMETHING WORTH WHILE!
BUT, AS NAMOR TACKLES THE NAZI BEHIND THE WHEEL, THE LITTLE BOAT RUNS WILDLY OFF ITS COURSE, DIRECTLY INTO A BUOY!
TIME TO LEAVE THAT DEATH TRAP!
CRASH!


WELL, I CAN STILL KEEP THAT DATE THEY HAD WITH A SUB! AND, BOY, WHAT A MEETING THIS IS GOING TO BE!
SUBMARINER STREAKS THROUGH THE NIGHT TO THE SPOT WHERE THE SUB IS WAITING!
SILENTLY, HE GETS ABOARD AND APPEARS BELOW--
OUT OF MY WAY--YOU INSIGNIFICANT RATZI!
ACH-NEIN! IT ISS DER SUBMARINER!
NAMOR GRABS UP A STICK OF THE DYNAMITE INTENDED FOR USE ON OUR CITIES---
THIS IS ALL I'LL NEED TO FIX YOU! ONE STICK! WATCH!
LEAVING THE U-BOAT AS SWIFTLY AS HE ARRIVED, SUBMARINER GETS A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY THEN HURLS THE DYNAMITE INTO THE EXPLOSIVE-LADEN SUB!
FINIS!
LATER, BACK IN BETTY DEAN'S APPARTMENT!..
HELLO, BETTY--I--
NAMOR--I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE ME FOR NOT KEEPING OUR DATE! IT WAS AN EMERGENCY! GOSH, I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND!
HUH?
WHY, SURE, BETTY--THAT'S ALL RIGHT! I'M A VERY UNDERSTANDING FELLOW!
THE END

Stand-in

HIS secret had been an easy one to keep, Jim told himself. It was a secret he knew he didn't dare give away, one that would get him into a lot of trouble if he did. He wasn't quite sure why he'd done it because he knew now it had been wrong.

Peggy appeared, slim and straight, her face shaded by the wide brim of her straw hat, through the battered peak of which a stray wisp of golden-brown hair shot up like a weed out of a sandhill. "Getting toughened up, Jim?" There was a hint of amusement in her voice that brought a shade of red into Jim's toughening face. "You city boys—"

"Huh! City boys!" Jim leaned on the mattock handle. "Listen, lady. This sort of thing may be new, but I'm tough enough to take it just the same. Where I come from . . ."

Yes, where he came from Jim had been called tough. Even the cops had conceded that at times, and their grudging praise had only served to heighten Jim's sense of importance.

Peg laughed. "I'm only kidding, Jimmy. I know you can take it. But you've got blisters. Better take it easy till your hands toughen up."

"I'll be all right." Jim turned to take on the rolling foothills, the road winding out into the valley, the ranch house up near the fringe of the trees where Peg lived by herself. It was nice out here, satisfaction for one of those inner ambitions Jim had had for ever so many years. Yes, it was certainly a peach of a place to hang out till . . . later!

LIKE it here?" the girl asked.

"Yep." Jim turned to face her. "I always wanted to live in a place like this."

"And you're helping with the war work at the same time," she pointed out. "It's pretty hard getting help, Jim. You know that. But I suppose I'll be losing you before long."

Inside him Jim grew tight and cautious. "Maybe not," he answered. "You mean . . . the army?"

She nodded. "You're pretty young—"

"Twenty-three," he admitted. "Well, gotta get to work."

He turned away for fear she'd read the truth in his eyes. He remembered how his mother had always seemed to be able to tell what had been going on, what was wrong, by just taking a look at him.

GOING back to work was easy but it was hard to keep from thinking. Jim swung the mattock. Yesterday he'd loosened the earth up around the young pear trees. It would be a couple more years before they started producing.

They had supper together. He couldn't help admiring the girl when he realized what she was up against. He told her, "I still don't see how you figure you can make a go of this."

"I've got to." She carried a stack of dishes to the sink. "Arthur's in the Navy . . ." There was a faint catch in her voice and for a moment or two there was no sound but the tinkling teakettle on the stove. She said, "It's Arthur's farm. I've got to keep it going till he gets back."

"He's doing his duty just as we all are—"

"Aw, that's the bunk!" Jim felt his heart leap as the words slipped past his mouth. "You hear that sort of thing all the time now. Patriotism . . . it's suicide, that's what. Getting your head shot off. For what?"

Again there was silence. He didn't dare look at the girl because he knew that he shouldn't have said that, whether he believed it or not. He should have kept his mouth shut, might just as well have admitted . . .

"It's not the bunk, Jim!" The girl's voice was hard. "You're wrong. You don't know what you're saying . . ." She walked half way to the sink, turned as if remembering something. She said, "Jim, I . . . were you in the army? I mean are you a . . . a deserter?"

Words came without conscious volition. There was no stopping them. Jim said, "Yes. I'm a deserter!" He stood up to face her, defiantly. "You don't know what it's like, getting up while it's still dark, drilling till you're ready to drop, working all day cleaning . . . latrines! Scrubbing floors, cooking, or helping—"

SHE went the rest of the way to the sink, washed a cup slowly. "I was afraid of that," she said presently. "I didn't think, Jim, you'd be the type to come clear out here looking for work. And the night I found you . . ."

"That suit didn't fit, that's what put you wise!"

"Not just that," she said. "A lot of things, Jim. The way you wouldn't look at me, the way you kept watching the door, and when I wasn't around you were watching the road all the time as if you were afraid—"

In his heart Jim knew he was still afraid. He'd done wrong, had no right hiding while others did the fighting.

He lay in the bunk in the shed out behind the ranch house that night, listening to the wind, the hoot owl off in the woods sounding forlorn and scared. Tomorrow Jim decided he'd get out. Peg's brother was in the Navy. She wouldn't let him, Jim, hang around now that she knew the truth.

The next morning when he dressed and went up to the house, the door was open but she was gone, and for a while Jim stood staring off into the hazy blue of the morning. The distant range of hills looked far, far away and almost unreal under their shading of early green. It was nice here . . . or rather *had* been nice.

Another thought occurred to him and he quickly stepped down from the porch and walked around the house to where he could scan the road leading out. Peg hadn't told him she was going to town. Perhaps she wanted to get back without arousing his suspicion. She might have gone to report him.

When she drove back in the old truck she was alone. In the kitchen she started to take things out of a package.

Jim glanced quickly around, muscles tensed. She looked at him turned away. He heard the paper rattling again.

"I suppose you came for your money," she said.

Jim started slightly, grinned. Boy, Peg and his old lady . . . He said uneasily, "Yeah. I . . . if you've got it . . ."

"I have." She folded a square of paper carefully. "I knew you'd want to go." She looked at him. He realized that her face looked tired. Maybe it was the work, the uncertainty . . . Arthur in the Navy and all . . .

WITHOUT knowing why, he said, "I guess you'll hold this against me. I'm sorry—"

She looked up. "I'm sorry too. Sorry you're a coward! You told me that where you came from you had to be tough. You got peeved when I suggested that you take it easy till your hands got toughened up. Remember?"

He nodded without meeting her eyes. He couldn't. He muttered, "You've got me wrong—"

"No, I haven't!" Her voice hardened, sharpened. "I've got you right, Jim. You're a coward. There are a few like you. Deserters! People who kick about the war and when it's their turn to really do their part—"

"I didn't ask for it. I—"

"Neither did Arthur. Or all the other men who are at the front lines fighting. But they aren't cowards. Many of them left homes and people they loved! You are a coward. You ran away when the going got hard. Oh, you're tough all right. Tough enough to hide while the others do all the work!"

"I suppose Arthur—"

"Arthur," the girl interrupted, her voice dropping softly, was shot down three weeks ago. And then machine-gunned while he and two others of a crew of six, drifted in a life raft. Arthur will come back here, but he probably won't ever again be able to work. I didn't tell you that before. I didn't think it would be necessary!" She took the money out of a worn purse and tossed it onto the table. "Here is your money!"

AS she walked away something happened inside Jim. Something he didn't completely understand, but liked nevertheless. He crossed to the table, took out enough money for carfare and left the rest. Slowly he put it in his pocket. All the while, before his mind's eye, he seemed to see a tiny life raft tossed on the tips of the waves. Perhaps it had been raining. Three men crouched in that raft while a deadly plane returned and dived, guns rattling mercilessly . . .

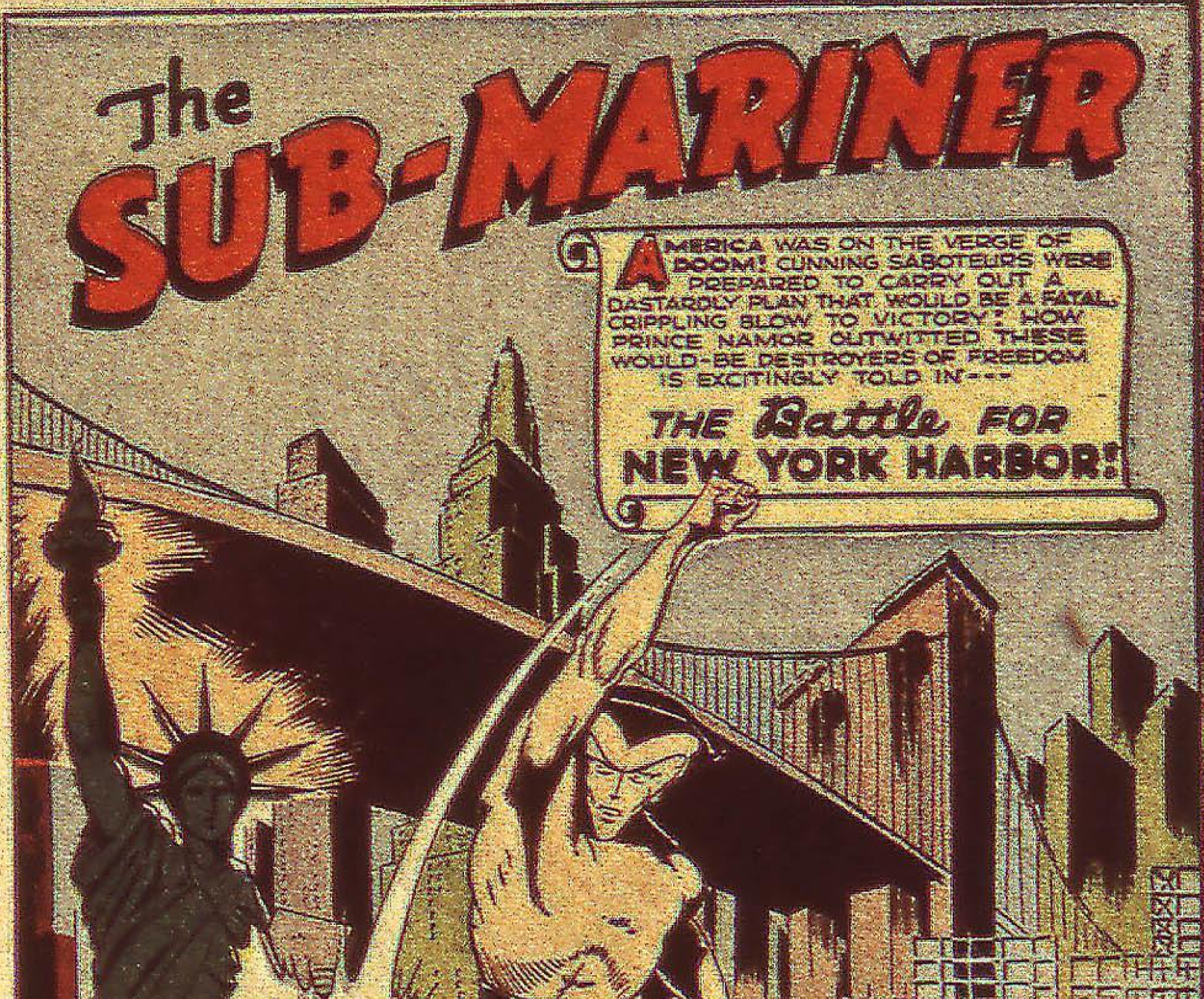
Slowly Jim put the money in his pocket. He looked up and found her watching. He said, "I won't need the rest. I'm taking train fare only."

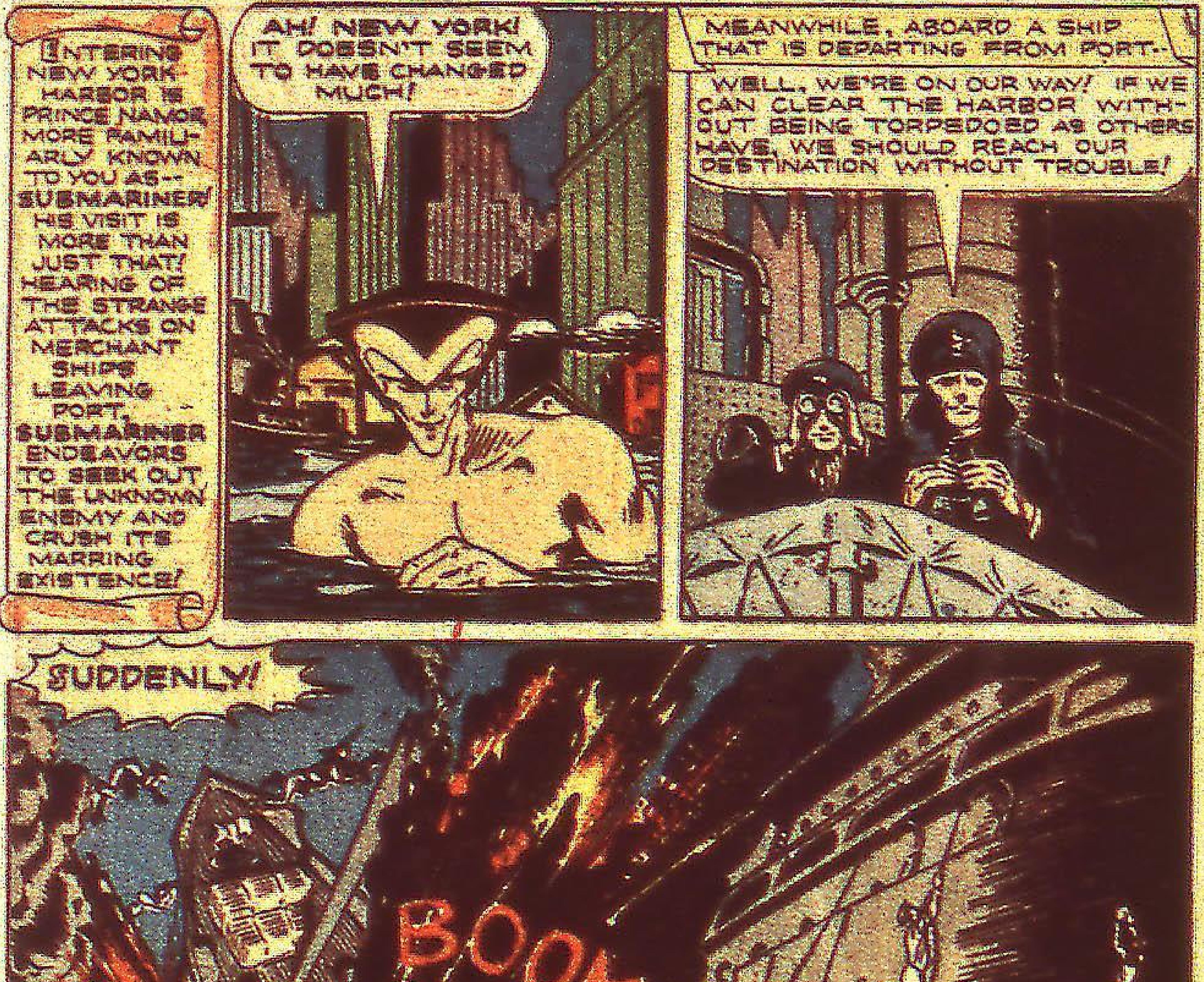
She asked sharply, "Where to?"

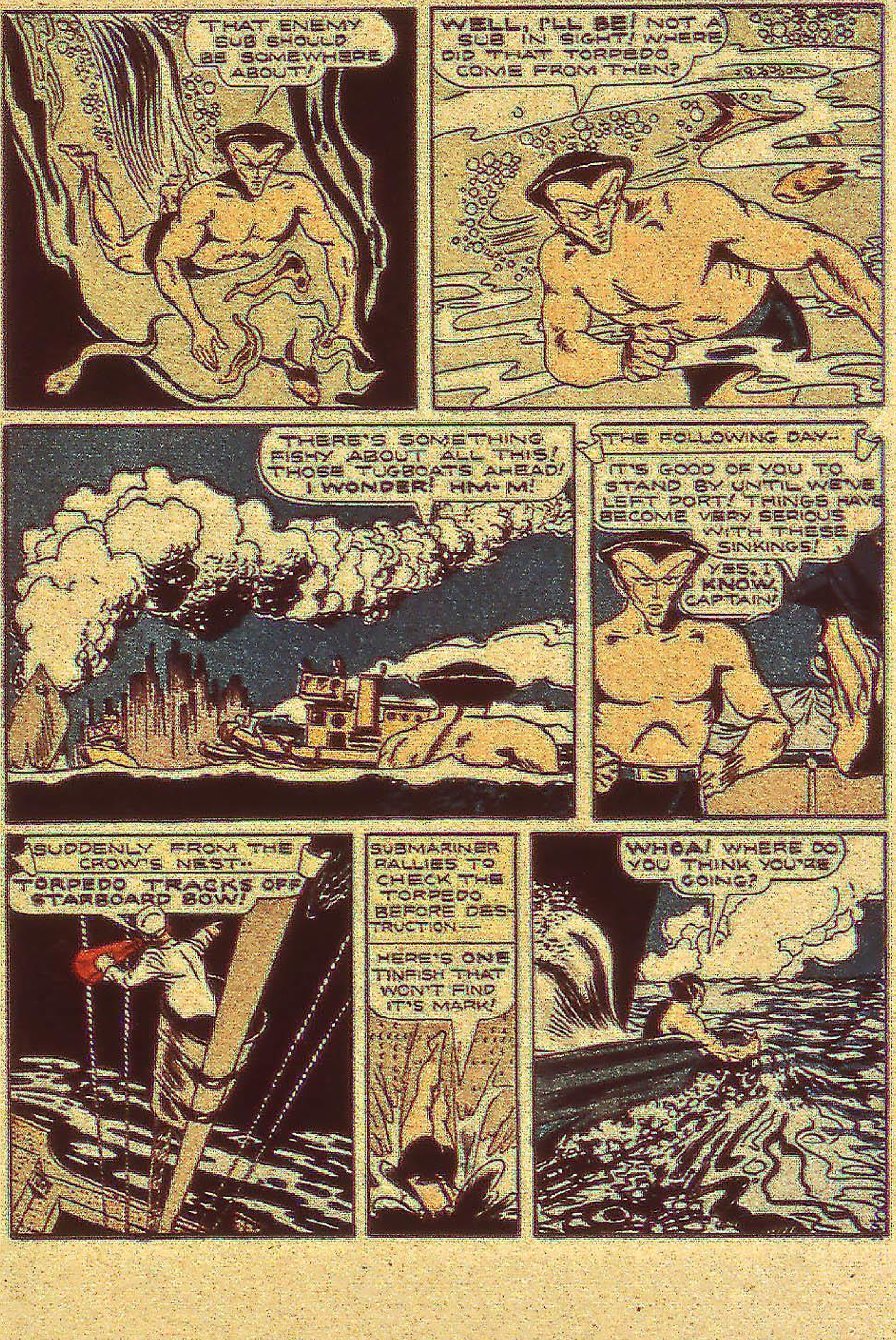
Resolutely he said, "Back to the army. I—I'm going to show you that I am tough. I didn't want to desert. I've been sorry ever since I did. If I'm not court-marshalled I'll get a crack at those buzzards and when it's over, I'll be back to give you and Arthur a hand." He grinned at her. He felt one-hundred percent better already. He wasn't scared. He said, "I've always wanted to work out on a place like this. And you'll need help . . ."

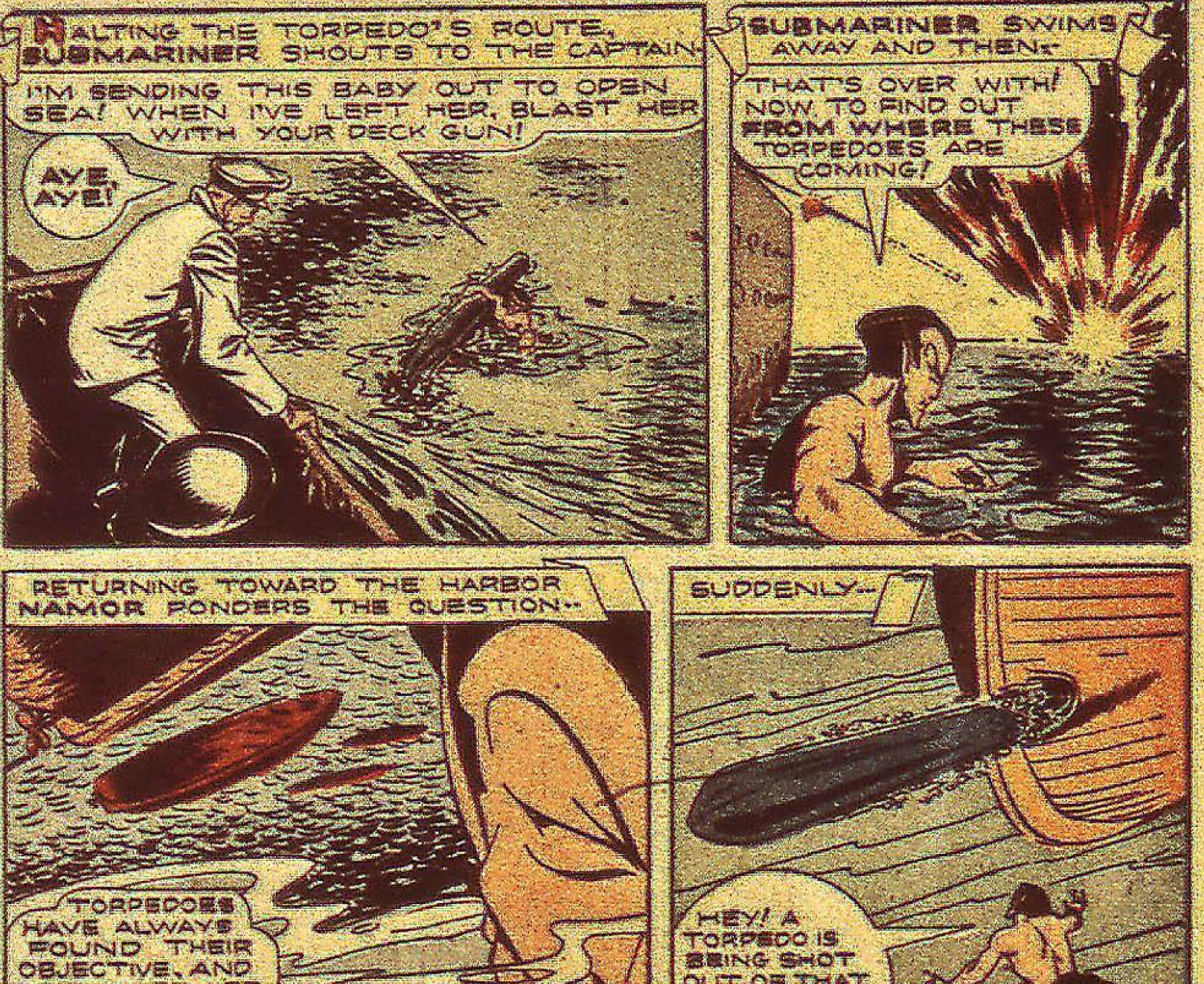
She nodded. "Yes, we'll need someone who can take it. Someone who's . . . tough!"

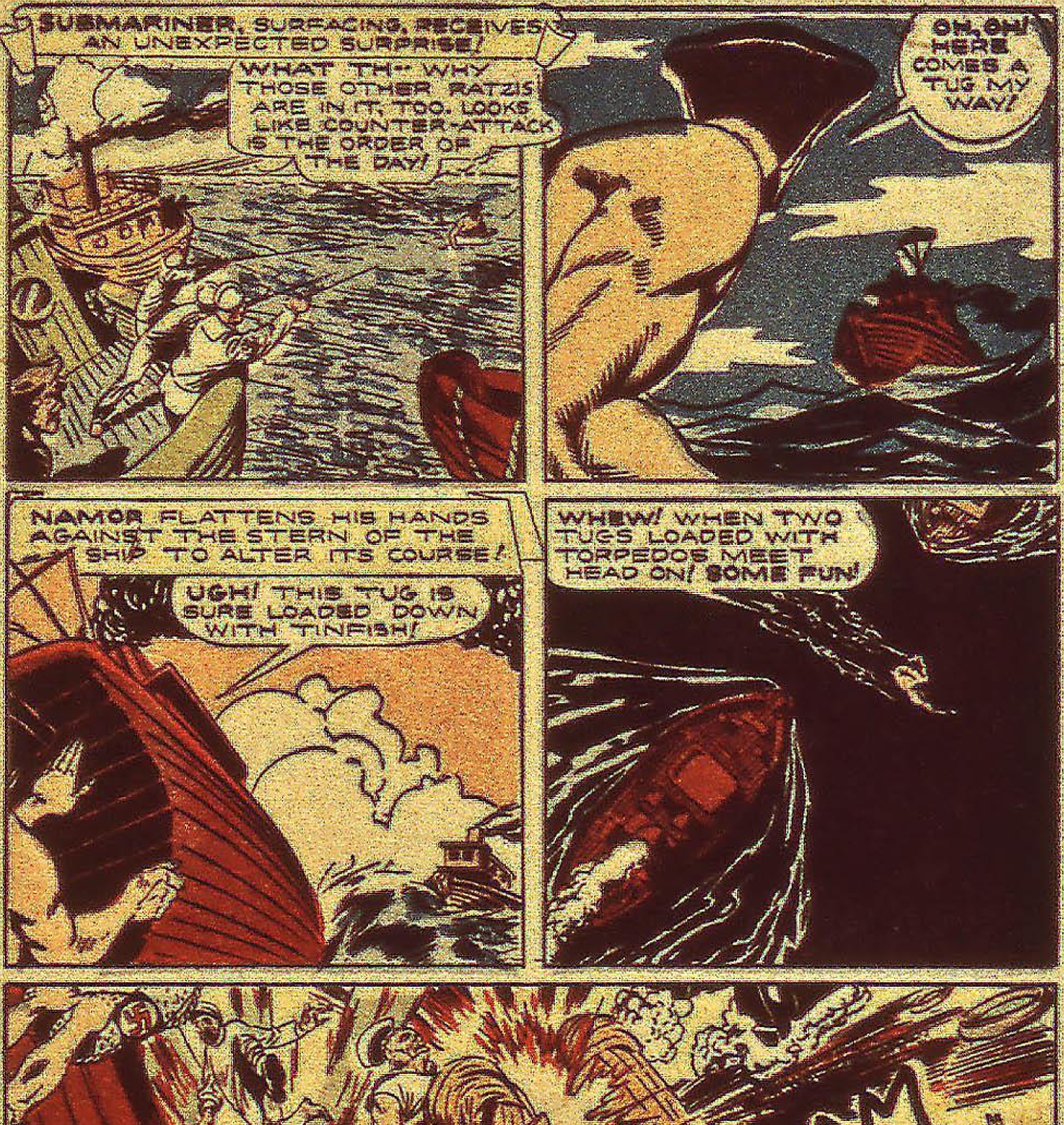
THE END

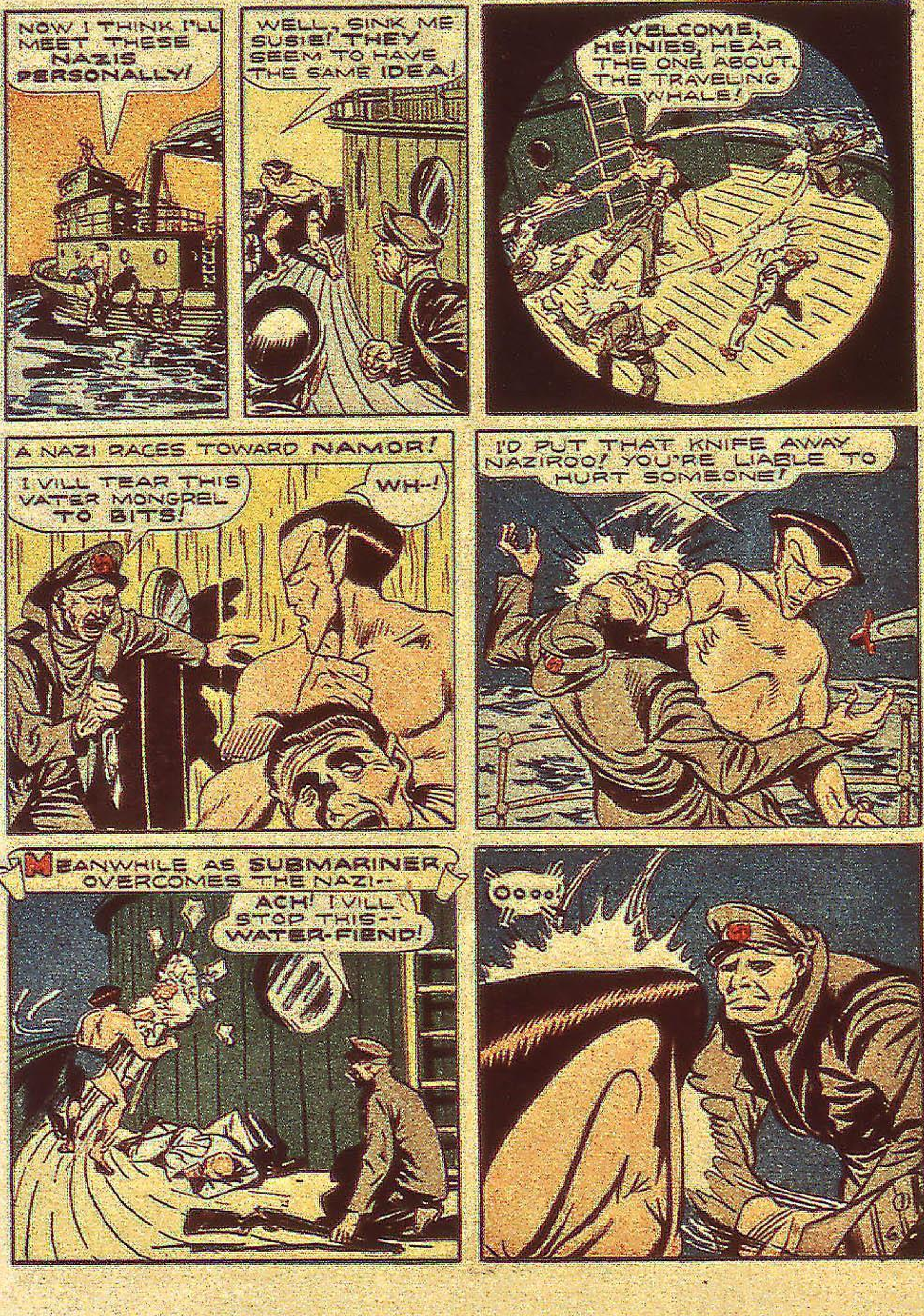

The SUB-MARINER
AMERICA WAS ON THE VERGE OF DOOM! CUNNING SABOTEURS WERE PREPARED TO CARRY OUT A DASTARDLY PLAN THAT WOULD BE A FATAL, CRIPPLING BLOW TO VICTORY! HOW PRINCE NAMOR OUTWITTED THESE WOULD-BE DESTROYERS OF FREEDOM IS EXCITINGLY TOLD IN---
THE Battle FOR NEW YORK HARBOR!

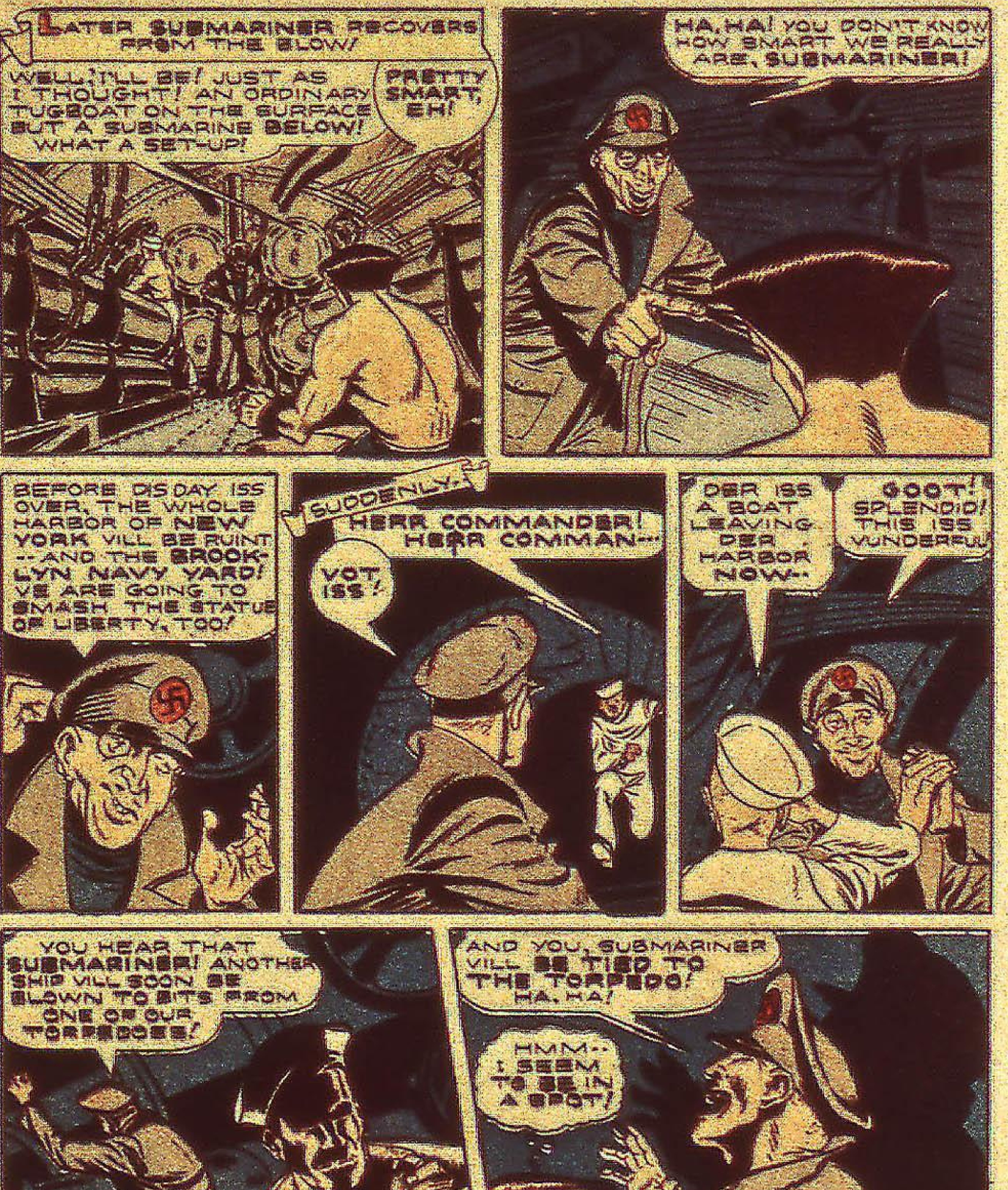

ENTERING NEW YORK HARBOR IS PRINCE NAMOR, MORE FAMILIARLY KNOWN TO YOU AS--SUBMARINER! HIS VISIT IS MORE THAN JUST THAT! HEARING OF THE STRANGE ATTACKS ON MERCHANT SHIPS LEAVING PORT, SUBMARINER ENDEAVORS TO SEEK OUT THE UNKNOWN ENEMY AND CRUSH ITS MARRING EXISTENCE!
AH! NEW YORK! IT DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE CHANGED MUCH!
MEANWHILE, ABOARD A SHIP THAT IS DEPARTING FROM PORT--
WELL, WE'RE ON OUR WAY! IF WE CAN CLEAR THE HARBOR WITHOUT BEING TORPEDOED AS OTHERS HAVE, WE SHOULD REACH OUR DESTINATION WITHOUT TROUBLE!
SUDDENLY!
BOOM
SNIFFLIN' SNAILS! THE SHIP'S BEEN TORPEDOED!

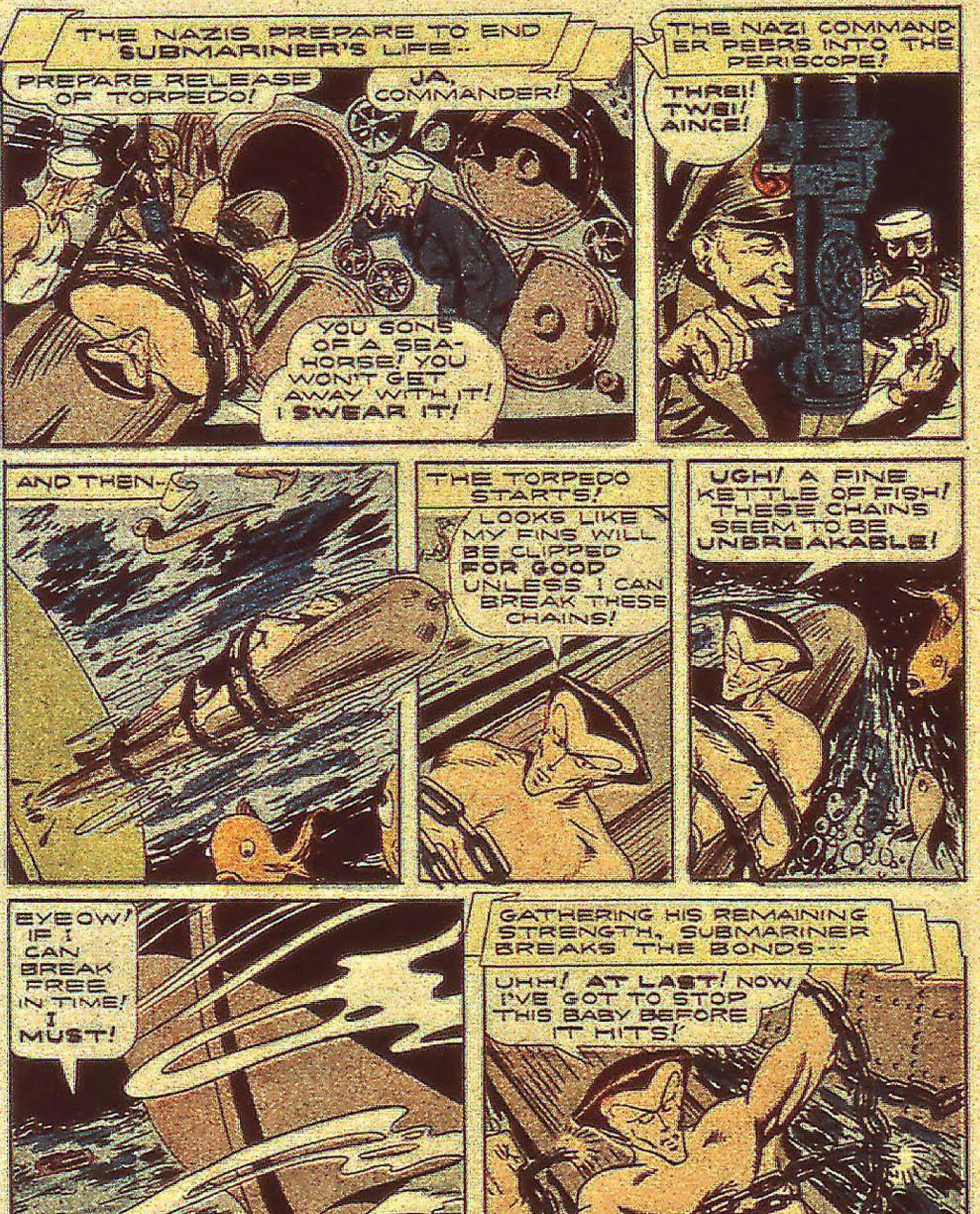

THAT ENEMY SUB SHOULD BE SOMEWHERE ABOUT!
WELL, I'LL BE! NOT A SUB IN SIGHT! WHERE DID THAT TORPEDO COME FROM THEN?
THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT ALL THIS! THOSE TUGBOATS AHEAD! I WONDER! HM-M!
THE FOLLOWING DAY--
IT'S GOOD OF YOU TO STAND BY UNTIL WE'VE LEFT PORT! THINGS HAVE BECOME VERY SERIOUS WITH THESE SINKINGS!
YES, I KNOW, CAPTAIN!
SUDDENLY FROM THE CROW'S NEST--
TORPEDO TRACKS OFF STARBOARD BOW!
SUBMARINER RALLIES TO CHECK THE TORPEDO BEFORE DESTRUCTION---
HERE'S ONE TINFISH THAT WON'T FIND IT'S MARK!
WHOA! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

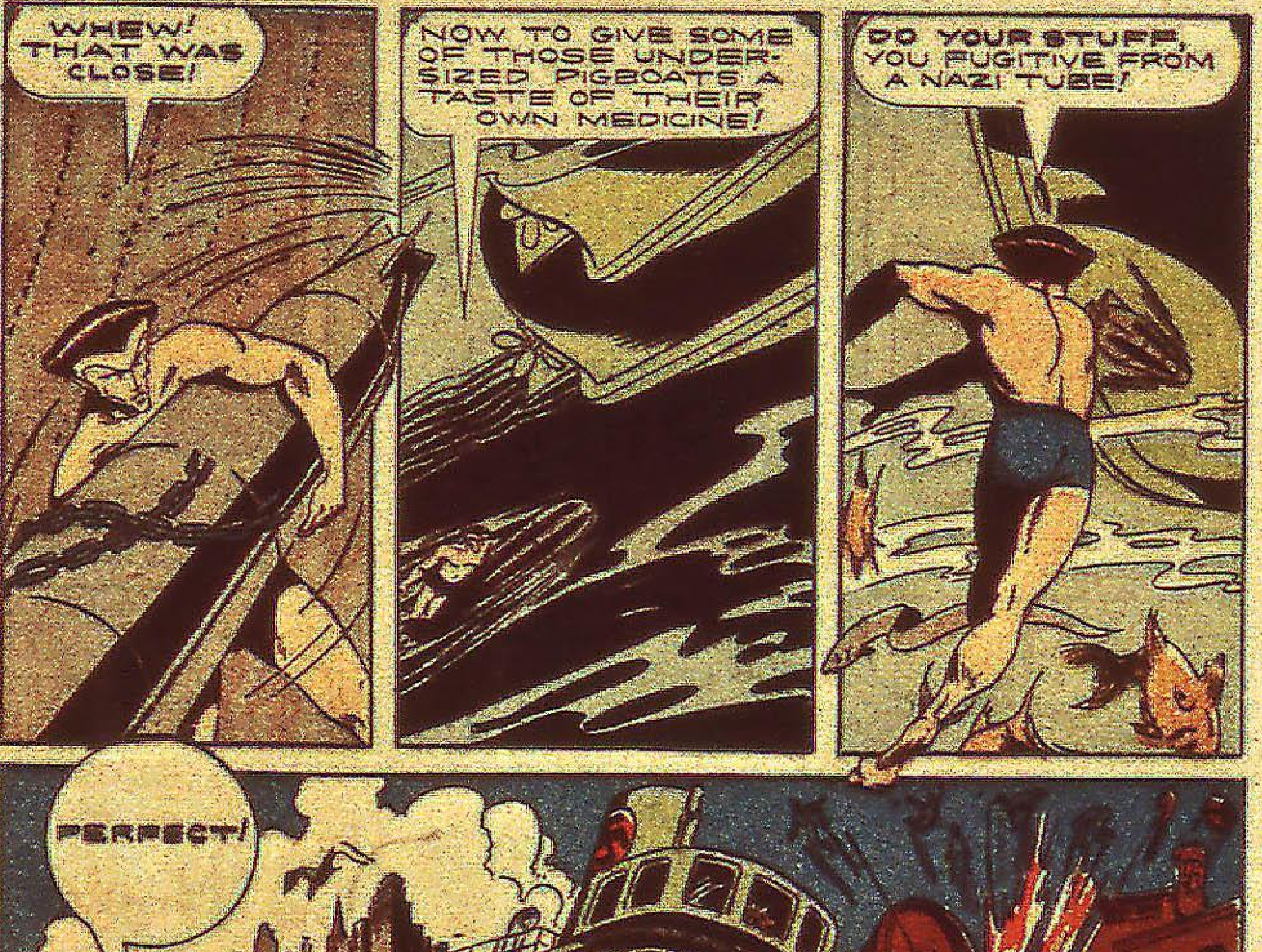

HALTING THE TORPEDO'S ROUTE, SUBMARINER SHOUTS TO THE CAPTAIN-
I'M SENDING THIS BABY OUT TO OPEN SEA! WHEN I'VE LEFT HER, BLAST HER WITH YOUR DECK GUN!
AYE, AYE!
SUBMARINER SWIMS AWAY AND THEN--
THAT'S OVER WITH! NOW TO FIND OUT FROM WHERE THESE TORPEDOES ARE COMING!
RETURNING TOWARD THE HARBOR NAMOR PONDERS THE QUESTION--
TORPEDOES HAVE ALWAYS FOUND THEIR OBJECTIVE, AND YET THERE ARE NO SUBS ABOUT! THE ANSWER MIGHT BE THOSE TUGBOATS!
SUDDENLY--
HEY! A TORPEDO IS BEING SHOT OUT OF THAT TUGBOAT'S HULL! I WAS RIGHT!
HERE'S WHERE I DO A LITTLE SINKING MYSELF!
THIS SHOULD STOP HER FROM ATTACKING OUR SHIPS AGAIN!
THE TORPEDO, FORCED BACK INTO THE TUBE, EXPLODES FURIOUSLY--
BLAM

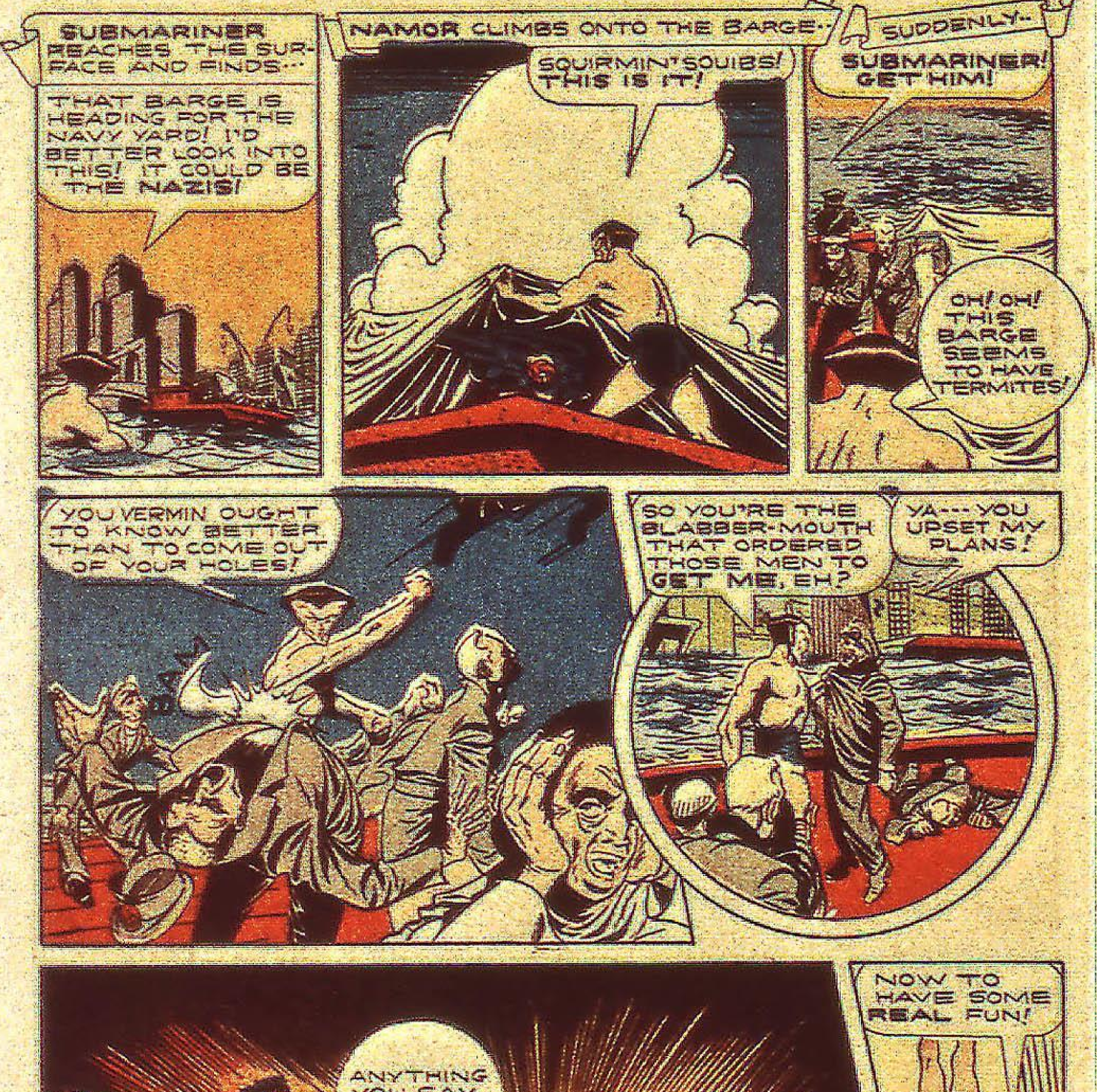

SUBMARINER, SURFACING, RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED SURPRISE!
WHAT TH-- WHY THOSE OTHER RATZIS ARE IN IT, TOO. LOOKS LIKE COUNTER-ATTACK IS THE ORDER OF THE DAY!
OH, OH! HERE COMES A TUG MY WAY!
NAMOR FLATTENS HIS HANDS AGAINST THE STERN OF THE SHIP TO ALTER ITS COURSE!
UGH! THIS TUG IS SURE LOADED DOWN WITH TINFISH!
WHEW! WHEN TWO TUGS LOADED WITH TORPEDOS MEET HEAD ON! SOME FUN!
BAM
BOOM

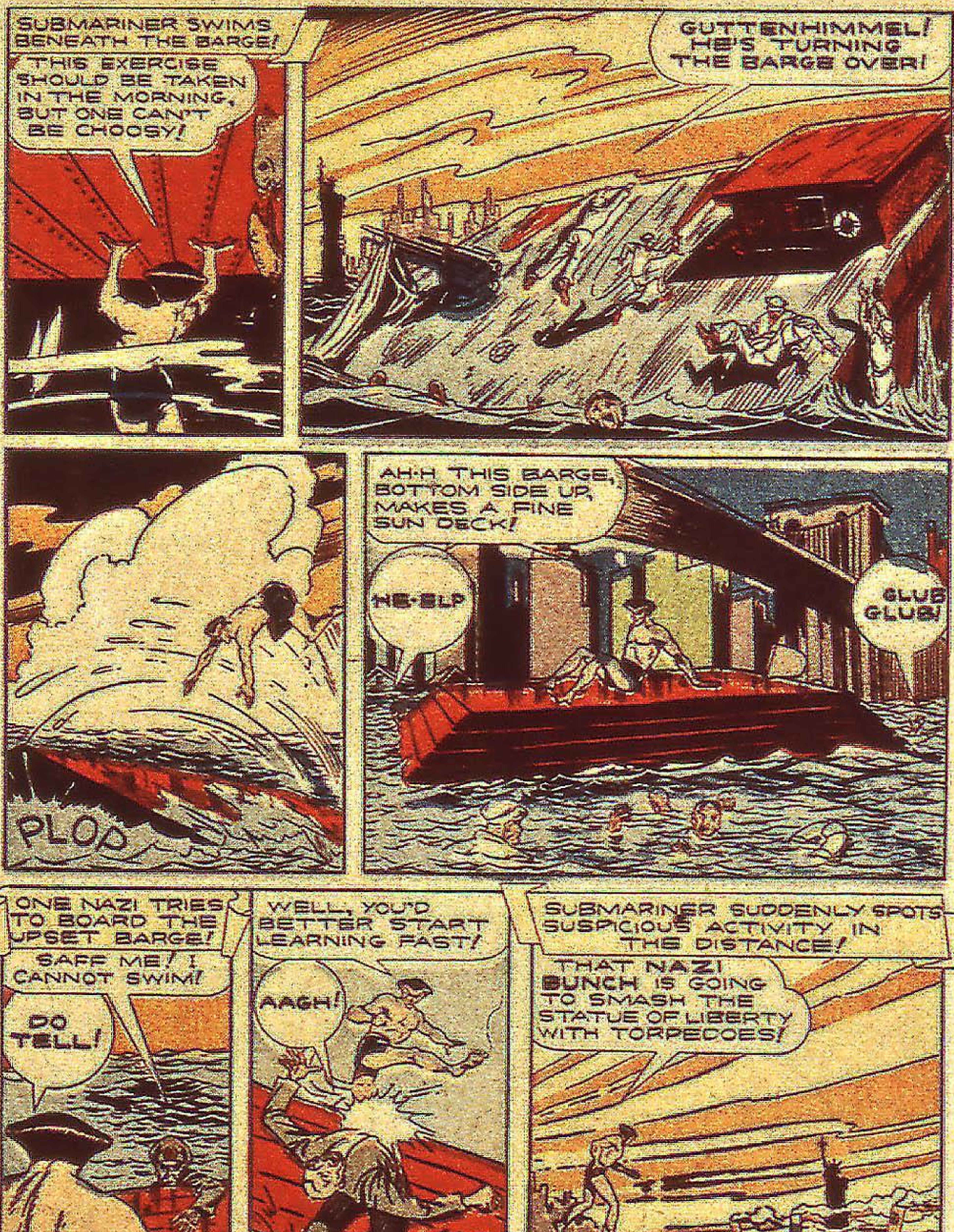

NOW I THINK I'LL MEET THESE NAZIS PERSONALLY!
WELL, SINK ME SUSIE! THEY SEEM TO HAVE THE SAME IDEA!
WELCOME, HEINIES, HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE TRAVELING WHALE!
A NAZI RACES TOWARD NAMOR!
I VILL TEAR THIS VATER MONGREL TO BITS!
WH--!
I'D PUT THAT KNIFE AWAY NAZIROO! YOU'RE LIABLE TO HURT SOMEONE!
MEANWHILE AS SUBMARINER OVERCOMES THE NAZI--
ACH! I VILL STOP THIS--WATER-FIEND!
Oooo!

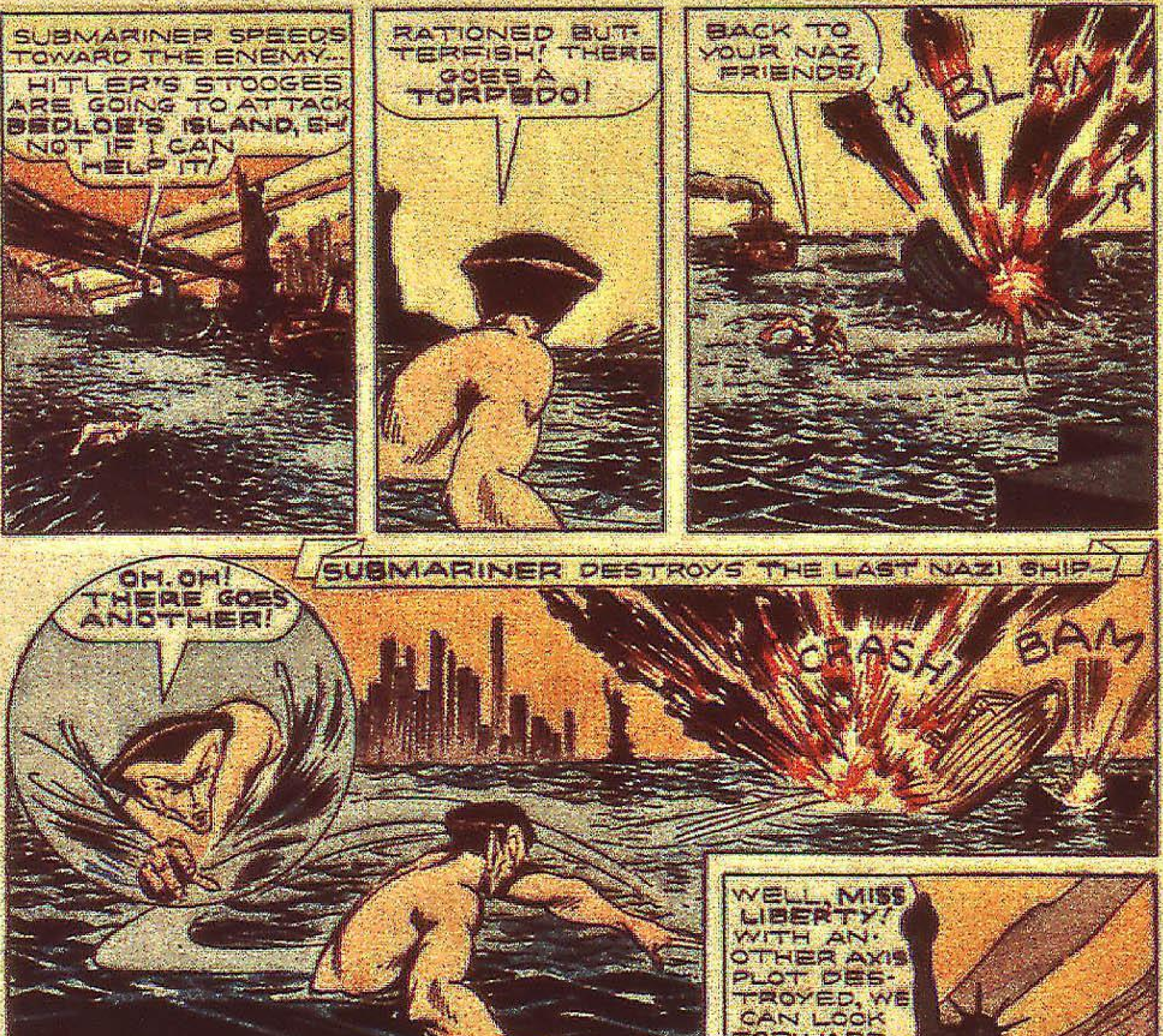

LATER SUBMARINER RECOVERS FROM THE BLOW!
WELL, I'LL BE! JUST AS I THOUGHT! AN ORDINARY TUGBOAT ON THE SURFACE BUT A SUBMARINE BELOW! WHAT A SET-UP!
PRETTY SMART, EH!
HA, HA! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW SMART WE REALLY ARE, SUBMARINER!
BEFORE DIS DAY ISS OVER, THE WHOLE HARBOR OF NEW YORK VILL BE RUINT --AND THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD! VE ARE GOING TO SMASH THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, TOO!
SUDDENLY-
HERR COMMANDER! HERR COMMAN---
VOT ISS?
DER ISS A BOAT LEAVING DER HARBOR NOW--
GOOT! SPLENDID! THIS ISS VUNDERFU
YOU HEAR THAT SUBMARINER! ANOTHER SHIP VILL SOON BE BLOWN TO BITS FROM ONE OF OUR TORPEDOES!
AND YOU, SUBMARINER VILL BE TIED TO THE TORPEDO! HA, HA!
HMM-- I SEEM TO BE IN A SPOT!

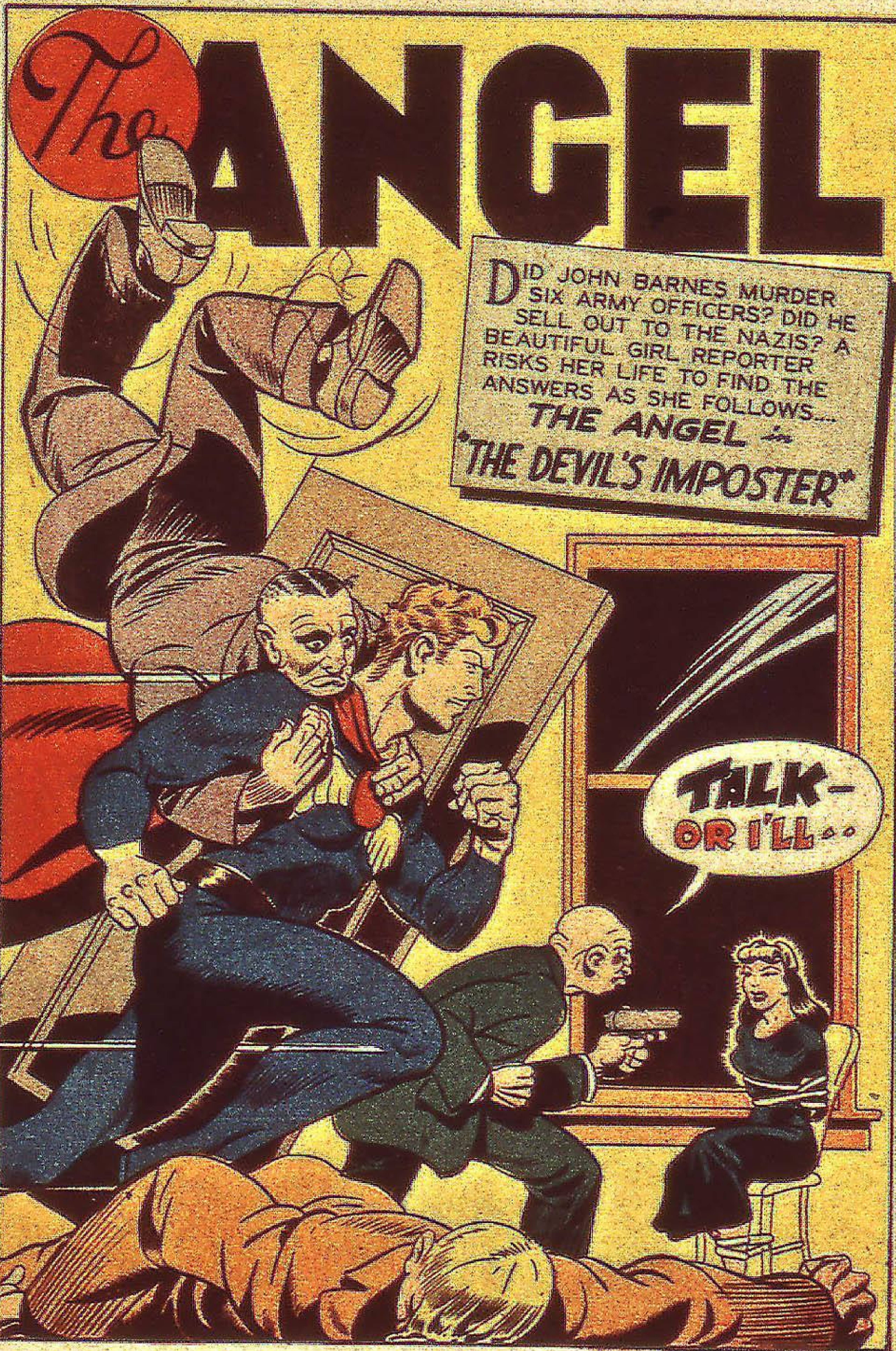

THE NAZIS PREPARE TO END SUBMARINER'S LIFE--
PREPARE RELEASE OF TORPEDO!
JA, COMMANDER!
YOU SONS OF A SEA-HORSE! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT! I SWEAR IT!
THE NAZI COMMANDER PEERS INTO THE PERISCOPE!
THREI! TWEI! AINCE!
AND THEN--
THE TORPEDO STARTS!
LOOKS LIKE MY FINS WILL BE CLIPPED FOR GOOD UNLESS I CAN BREAK THESE CHAINS!
UGH! A FINE KETTLE OF FISH! THESE CHAINS SEEM TO BE UNBREAKABLE!
EYEOW! IF I CAN BREAK FREE IN TIME! I MUST!
GATHERING HIS REMAINING STRENGTH, SUBMARINER BREAKS THE BONDS---
UHH! AT LAST! NOW I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS BABY BEFORE IT HITS!

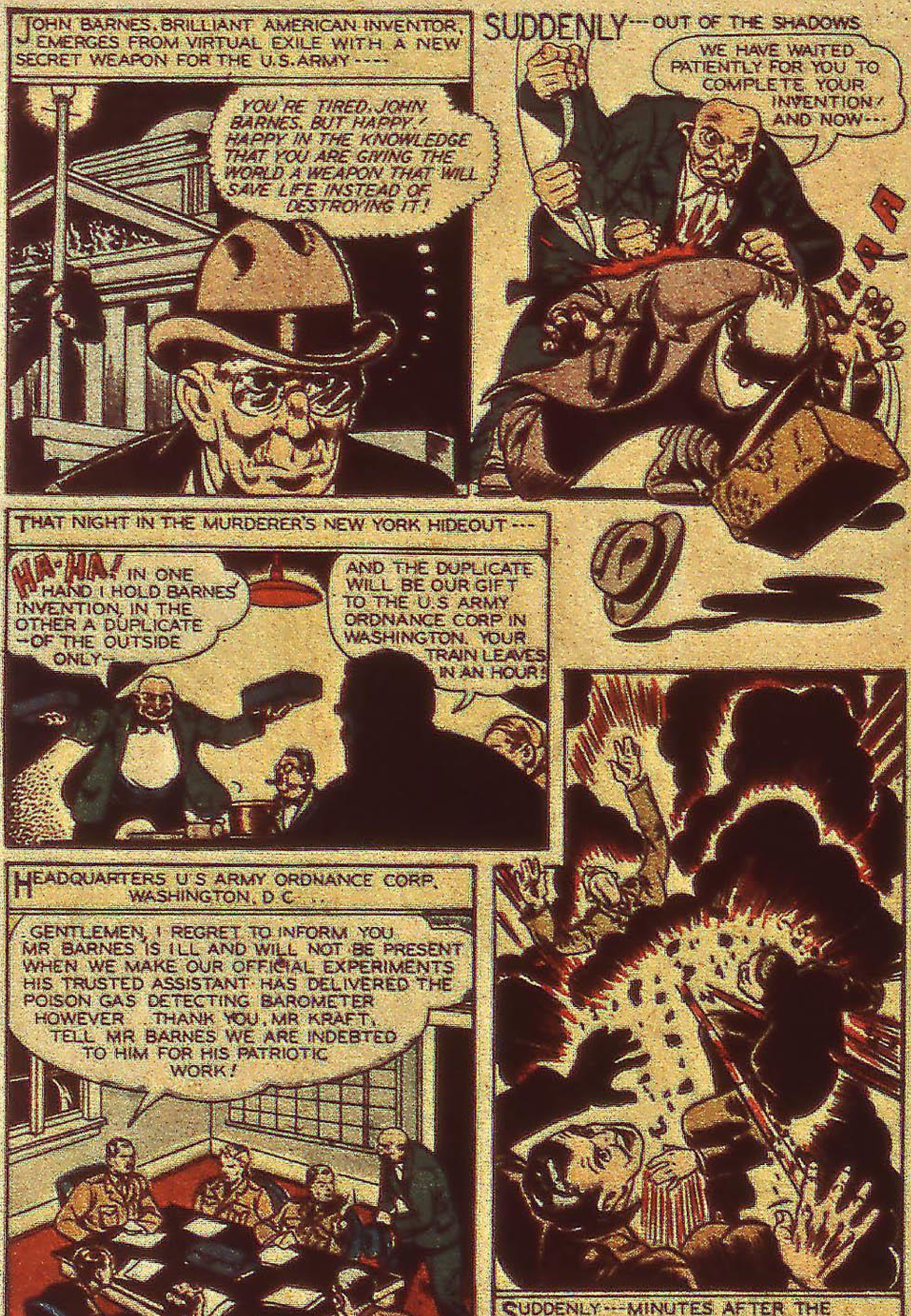

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
NOW TO GIVE SOME OF THOSE UNDERSIZED PIGBOATS A TASTE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!
DO YOUR STUFF, YOU FUGITIVE FROM A NAZI TUBE!
PERFECT!
BOOM

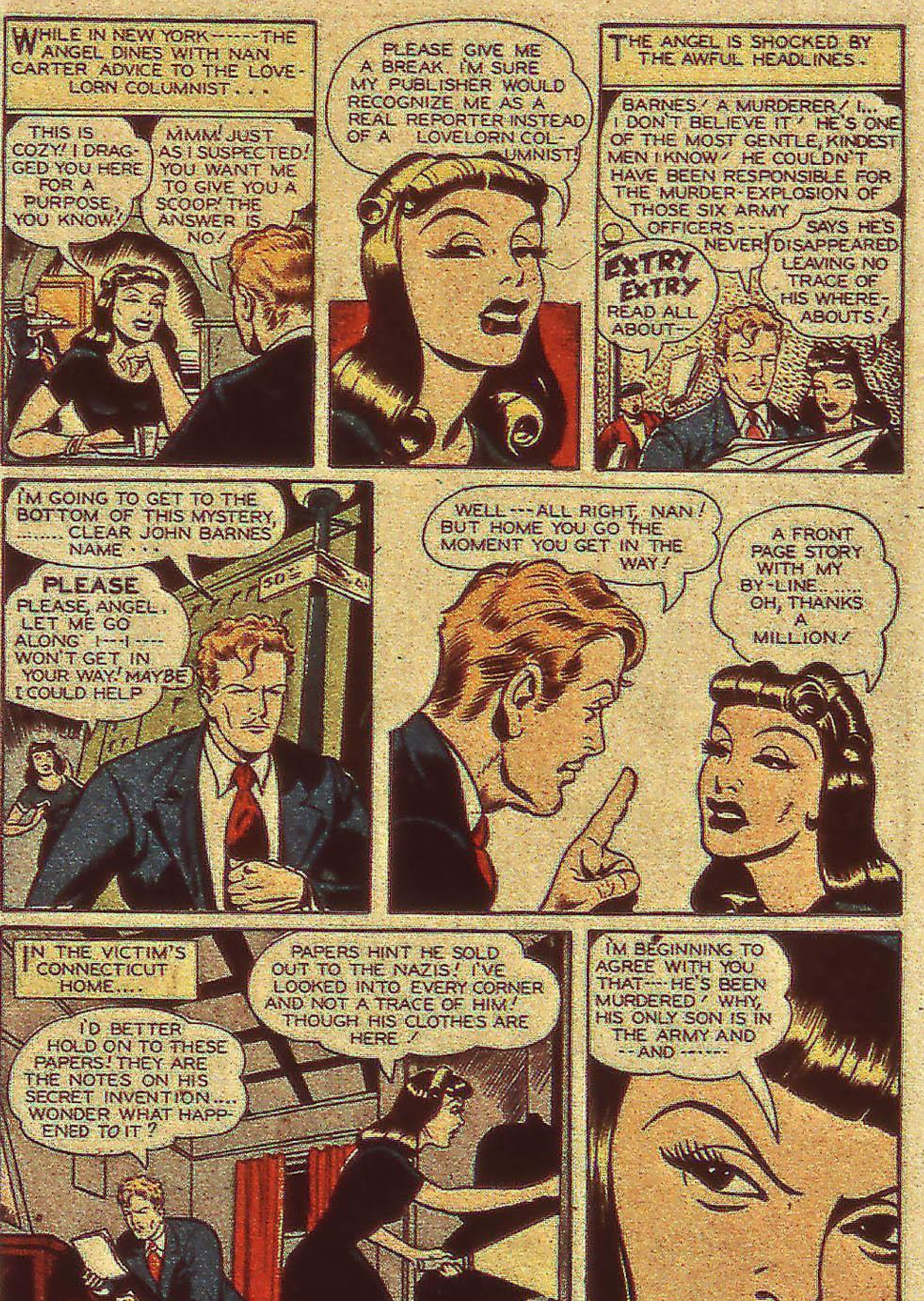

SUBMARINER REACHES THE SURFACE AND FINDS···
THAT BARGE IS HEADING FOR THE NAVY YARD! I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS! IT COULD BE THE NAZIS!
NAMOR CLIMBS ONTO THE BARGE··
SQUIRMIN' SQUIBS! THIS IS IT!
SUDDENLY··
SUBMARINER! GET HIM!
OH! OH! THIS BARGE SEEMS TO HAVE TERMITES!
YOU VERMIN OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER THAN TO COME OUT OF YOUR HOLES!
SO YOU'RE THE BLABBER-MOUTH THAT ORDERED THOSE MEN TO GET ME, EH?
YA--- YOU UPSET MY PLANS!
ANYTHING YOU SAY, HUN-EY! YOU'RE FORGIVEN!
NOW TO HAVE SOME REAL FUN!

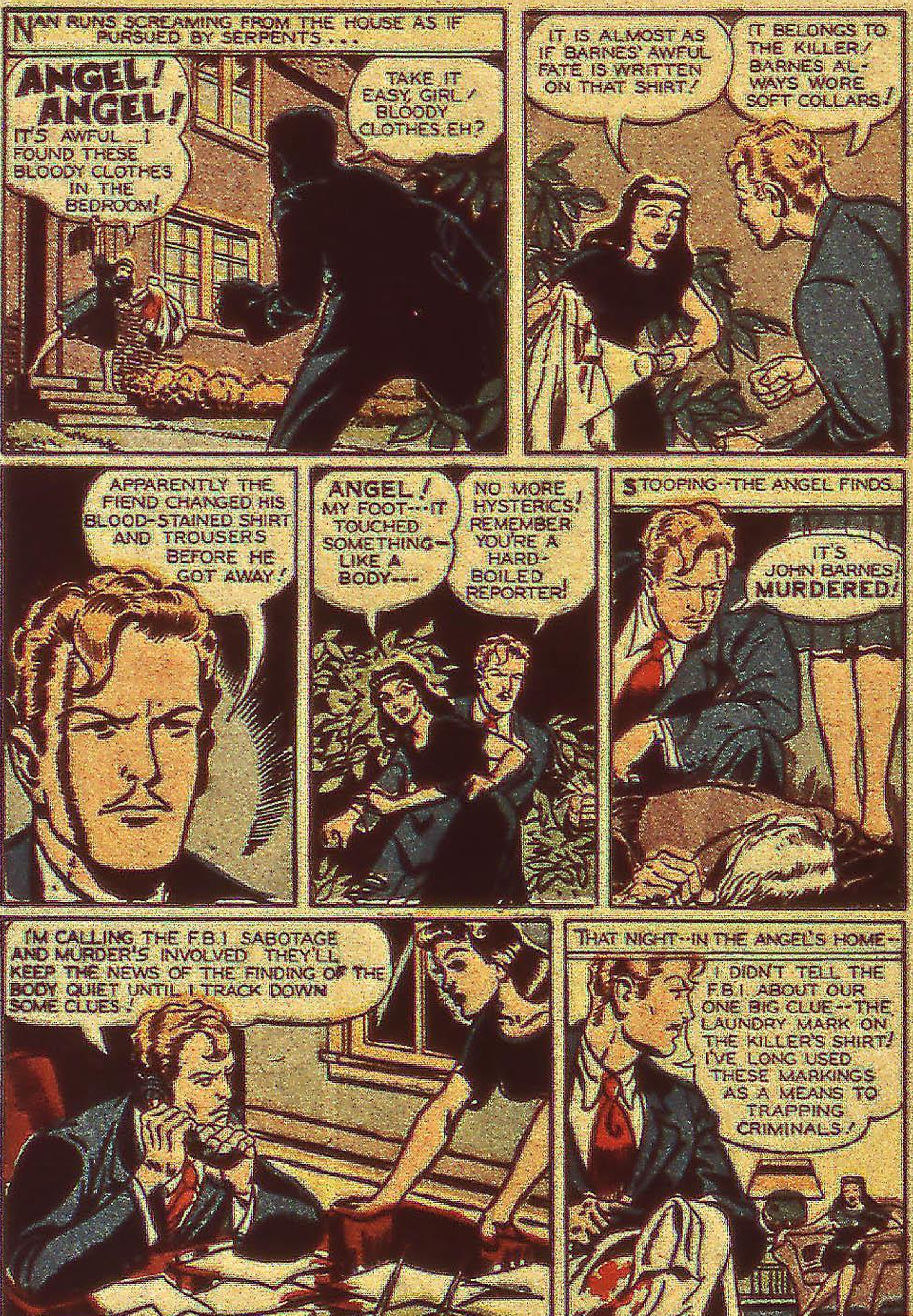

SUBMARINER SWIMS BENEATH THE BARGE!
THIS EXERCISE SHOULD BE TAKEN IN THE MORNING, BUT ONE CAN'T BE CHOOSY!
GUTTENHIMMEL! HE'S TURNING THE BARGE OVER!
PLOP
AH-H THIS BARGE, BOTTOM SIDE UP, MAKES A FINE SUN DECK!
HE-ELP
GLUB GLUB!
ONE NAZI TRIES TO BOARD THE UPSET BARGE!
SAFF ME! I CANNOT SWIM!
DO TELL!
WELL, YOU'D BETTER START LEARNING FAST!
AAGH!
SUBMARINER SUDDENLY SPOTS SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY IN THE DISTANCE!
THAT NAZI BUNCH IS GOING TO SMASH THE STATUE OF LIBERTY WITH TORPEDOES!

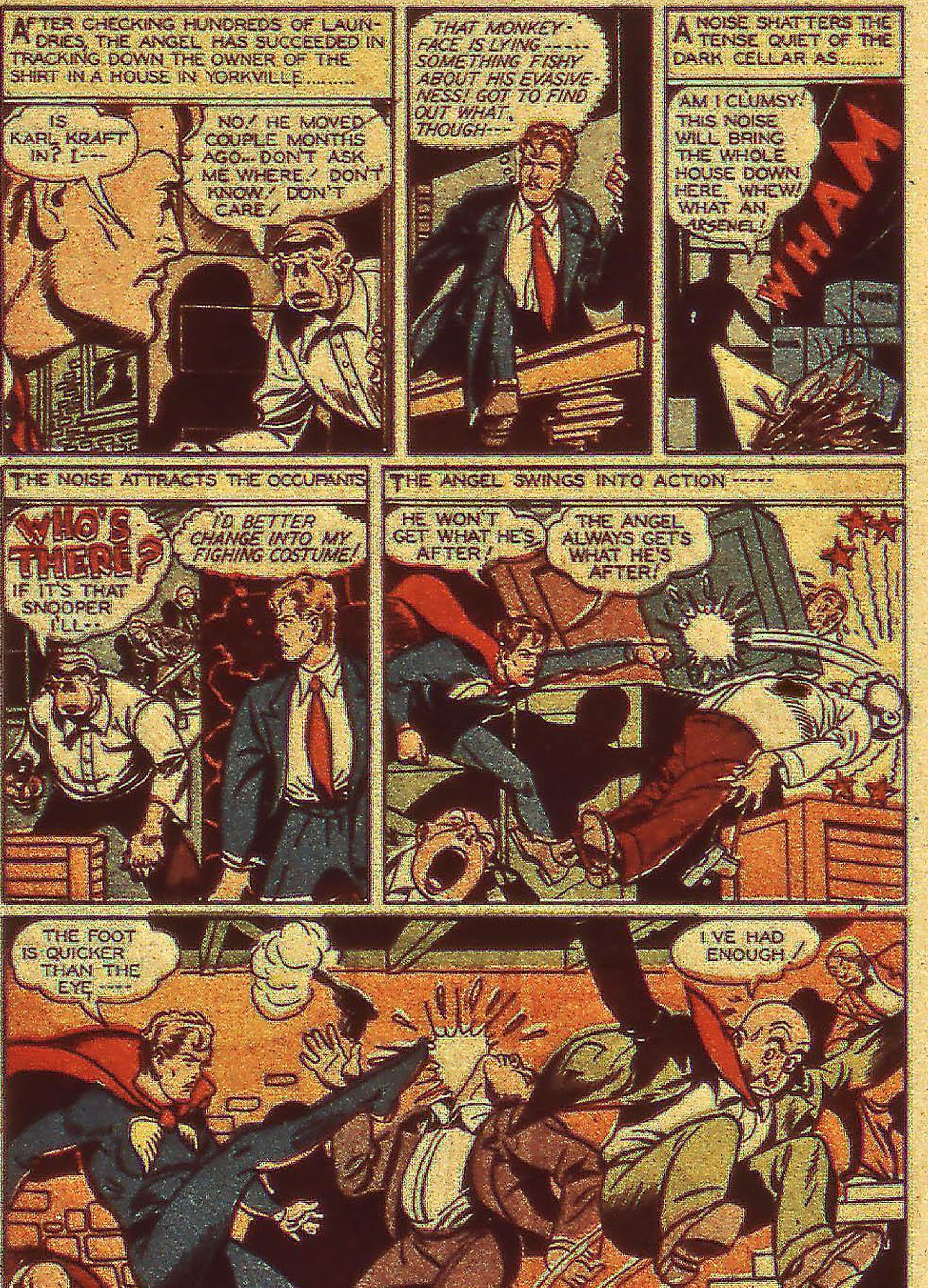

SUBMARINER SPEEDS TOWARD THE ENEMY--
HITLER'S STOOGES ARE GOING TO ATTACK BEDLOE'S ISLAND, EH! NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
RATIONED BUTTERFISH! THERE GOES A TORPEDO!
BACK TO YOUR NAZ FRIENDS!
BLAM
SUBMARINER DESTROYS THE LAST NAZI SHIP--
OH, OH! THERE GOES ANOTHER!
CRASH
BAM
NOW THAT THE NAZI SHEME HAS BEEN BLASTED AND DESTROYED-- I THINK I'LL PAY A VISIT TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY!
WELL, MISS LIBERTY! WITH ANOTHER AXIS PLOT DESTROYED, WE CAN LOOK FORWARD TO UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER OF THE ENEMY --AND NO PHONY PEACE!
12
THE END

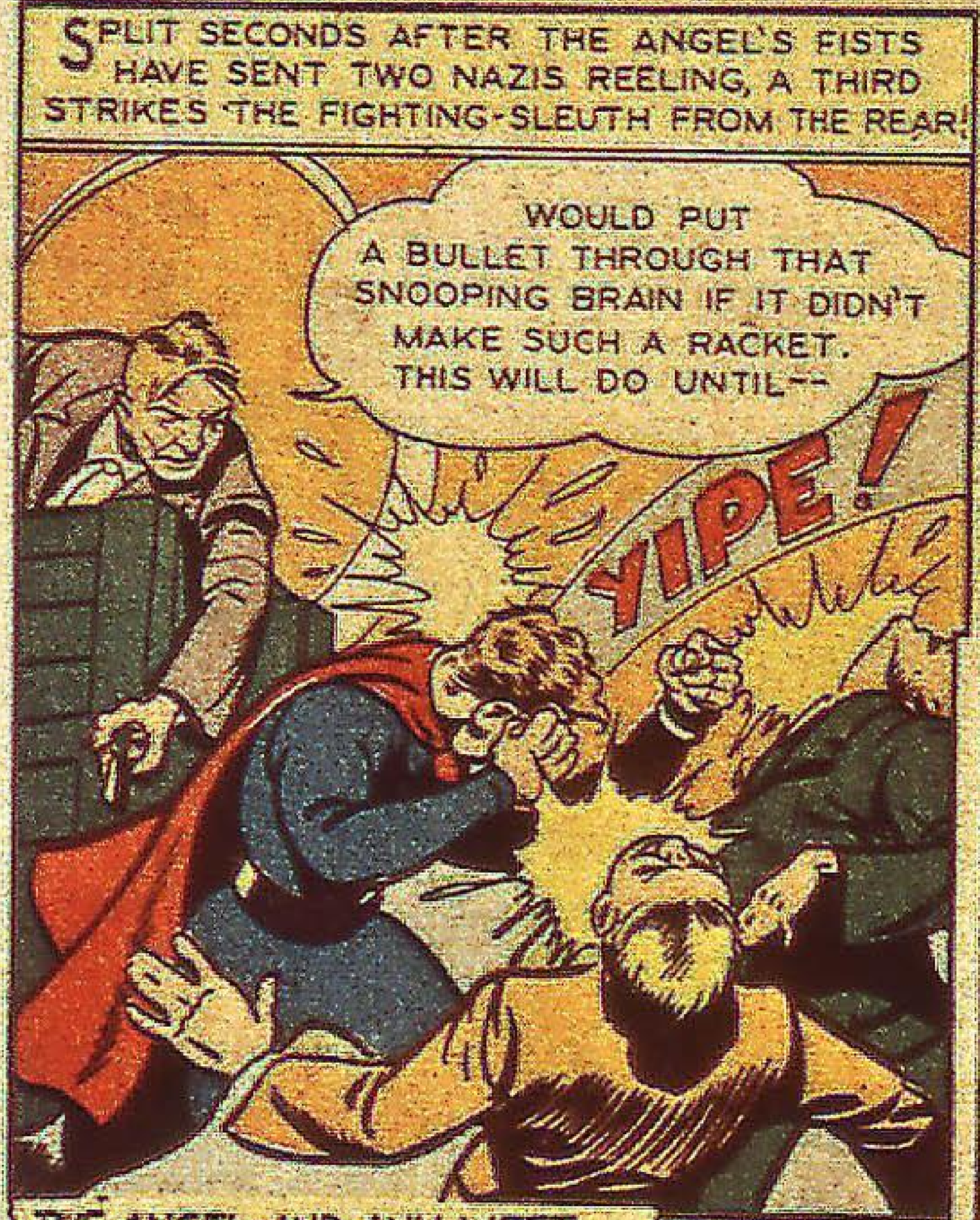

The ANGEL
DID JOHN BARNES MURDER SIX ARMY OFFICERS? DID HE SELL OUT TO THE NAZIS? A BEAUTIFUL GIRL REPORTER RISKS HER LIFE TO FIND THE ANSWERS AS SHE FOLLOWS.... THE ANGEL in "THE DEVIL'S IMPOSTER"
TALK— OR I'LL..

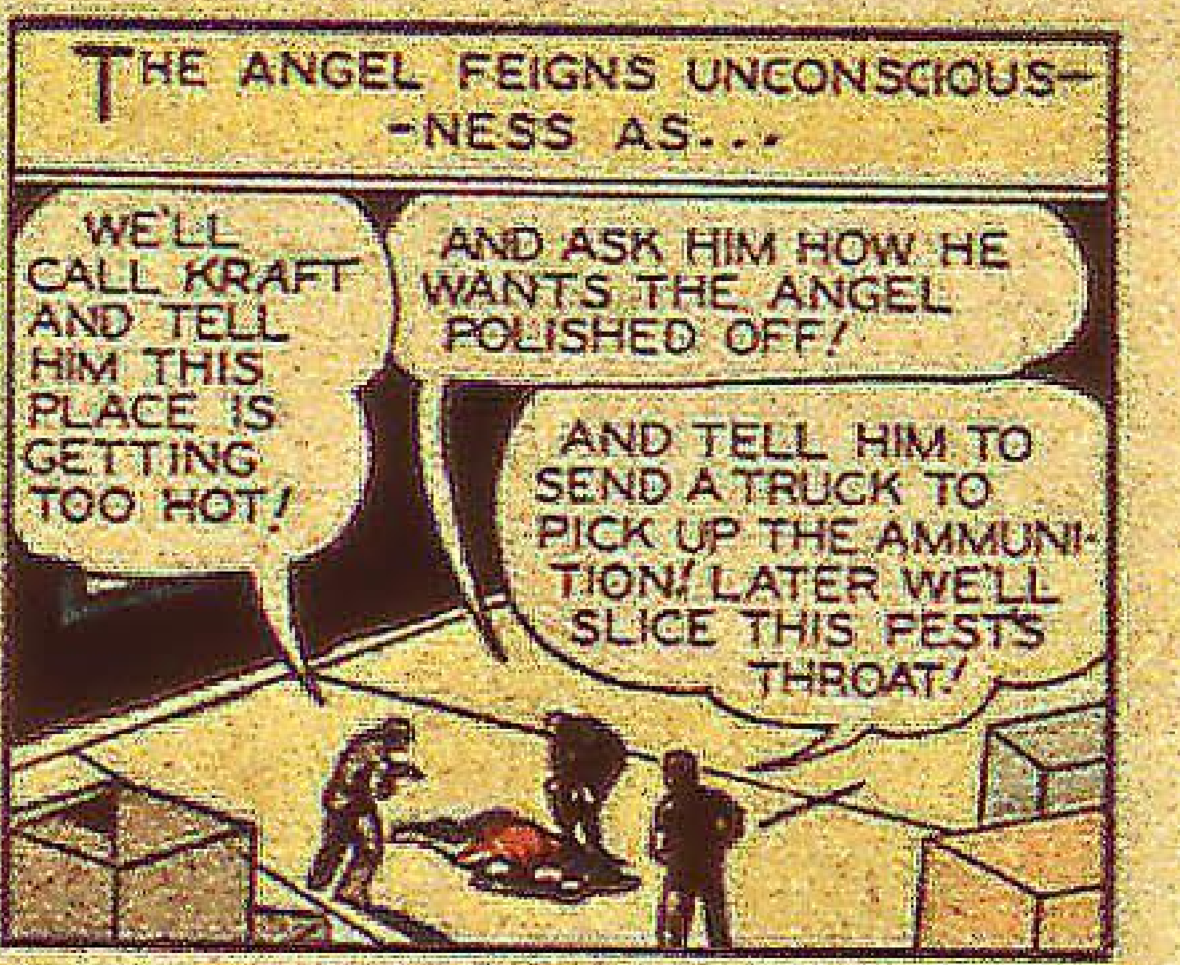

JOHN BARNES, BRILLIANT AMERICAN INVENTOR, EMERGES FROM VIRTUAL EXILE WITH A NEW SECRET WEAPON FOR THE U.S. ARMY---
YOU'RE TIRED, JOHN BARNES, BUT HAPPY! HAPPY IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT YOU ARE GIVING THE WORLD A WEAPON THAT WILL SAVE LIFE INSTEAD OF DESTROYING IT!
SUDDENLY---OUT OF THE SHADOWS
WE HAVE WAITED PATIENTLY FOR YOU TO COMPLETE YOUR INVENTION! AND NOW---
THAT NIGHT IN THE MURDERER'S NEW YORK HIDEOUT---
HA-HA! IN ONE HAND I HOLD BARNES' INVENTION, IN THE OTHER A DUPLICATE --OF THE OUTSIDE ONLY--
AND THE DUPLICATE WILL BE OUR GIFT TO THE U.S. ARMY ORDNANCE CORP IN WASHINGTON. YOUR TRAIN LEAVES IN AN HOUR!
HEADQUARTERS U.S. ARMY ORDNANCE CORP. WASHINGTON, D.C...
GENTLEMEN, I REGRET TO INFORM YOU MR BARNES IS ILL AND WILL NOT BE PRESENT WHEN WE MAKE OUR OFFICIAL EXPERIMENTS. HIS TRUSTED ASSISTANT HAS DELIVERED THE POISON GAS DETECTING BAROMETER HOWEVER. THANK YOU, MR KRAFT. TELL MR BARNES WE ARE INDEBTED TO HIM FOR HIS PATRIOTIC WORK!
SUDDENLY---MINUTES AFTER THE KILLER'S DEPARTURE----

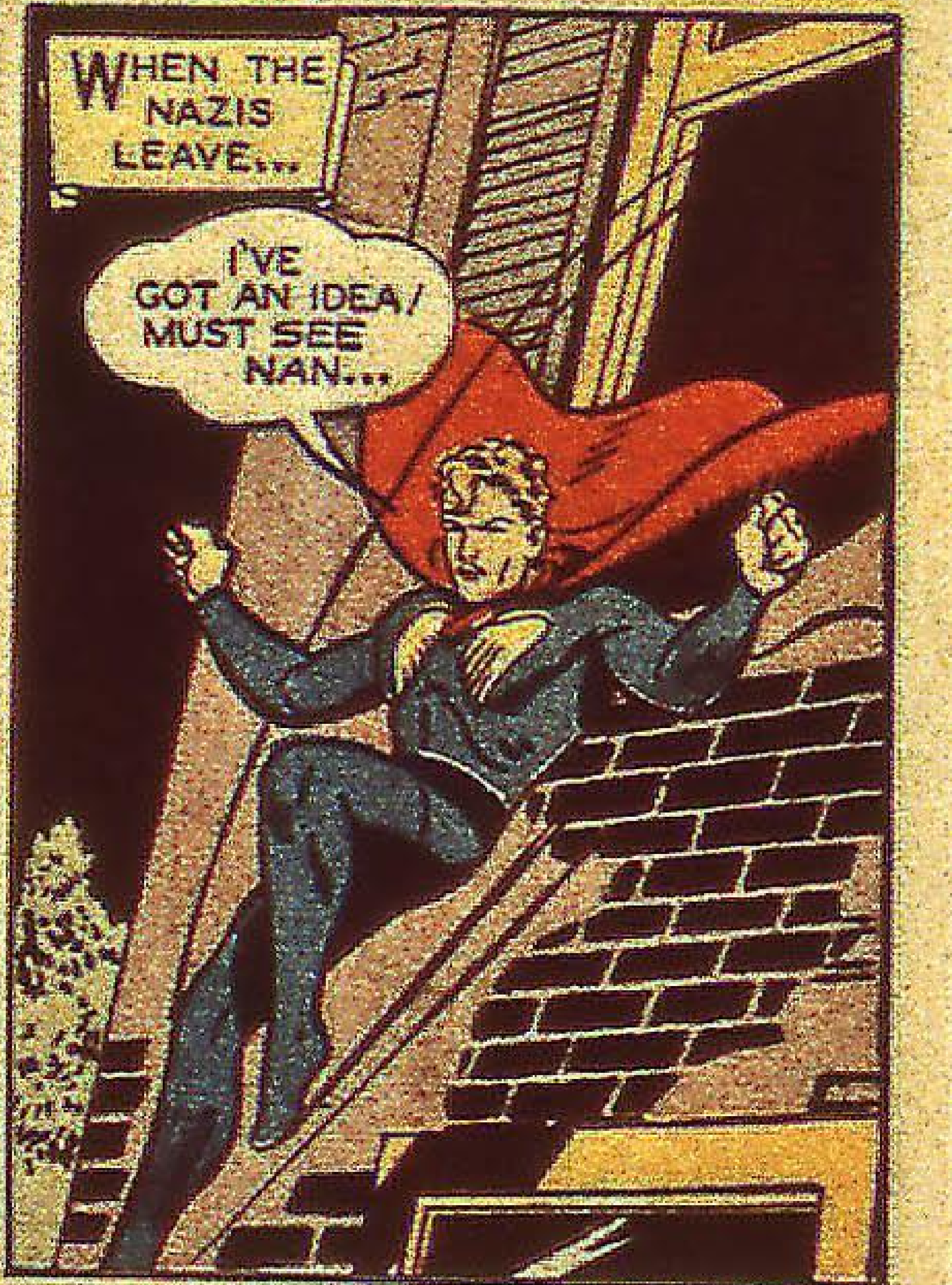

WHILE IN NEW YORK ------ THE ANGEL DINES WITH NAN CARTER ADVICE TO THE LOVE-LORN COLUMNIST . . .
THIS IS COZY! I DRAGGED YOU HERE FOR A PURPOSE, YOU KNOW!
MMM! JUST AS I SUSPECTED! YOU WANT ME TO GIVE YOU A SCOOP! THE ANSWER IS NO!
PLEASE GIVE ME A BREAK. I'M SURE MY PUBLISHER WOULD RECOGNIZE ME AS A REAL REPORTER INSTEAD OF A LOVELORN COLUMNIST!
THE ANGEL IS SHOCKED BY THE AWFUL HEADLINES.
BARNES! A MURDERER! I... I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HE'S ONE OF THE MOST GENTLE, KINDEST MEN I KNOW! HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDER-EXPLOSION OF THOSE SIX ARMY OFFICERS --- NEVER!
EXTRY EXTRY READ ALL ABOUT--
SAYS HE'S DISAPPEARED LEAVING NO TRACE OF HIS WHEREABOUTS!
I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY, ... CLEAR JOHN BARNES' NAME . . .
PLEASE PLEASE, ANGEL, LET ME GO ALONG! I---I---- WON'T GET IN YOUR WAY! MAYBE I COULD HELP
50
WELL --- ALL RIGHT, NAN! BUT HOME YOU GO THE MOMENT YOU GET IN THE WAY!
A FRONT PAGE STORY WITH MY BY-LINE....... OH, THANKS A MILLION!
IN THE VICTIM'S CONNECTICUT HOME....
PAPERS HINT HE SOLD OUT TO THE NAZIS! I'VE LOOKED INTO EVERY CORNER AND NOT A TRACE OF HIM! THOUGH HIS CLOTHES ARE HERE!
I'D BETTER HOLD ON TO THESE PAPERS! THEY ARE THE NOTES ON HIS SECRET INVENTION.... WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?
I'M BEGINNING TO AGREE WITH YOU THAT---HE'S BEEN MURDERED! WHY, HIS ONLY SON IS IN THE ARMY AND --AND ------

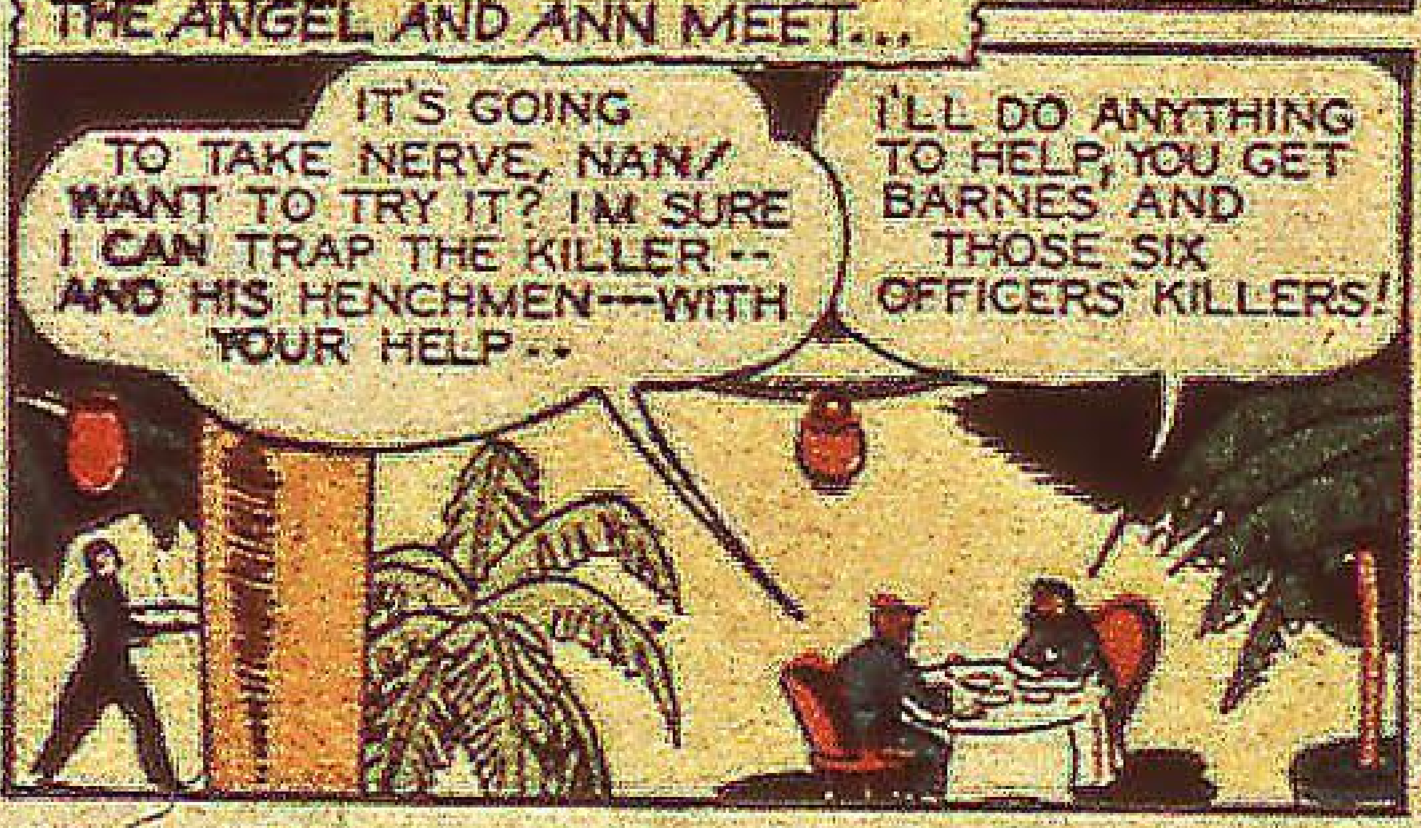

NAN RUNS SCREAMING FROM THE HOUSE AS IF PURSUED BY SERPENTS . . .
ANGEL! ANGEL! IT'S AWFUL _ I FOUND THESE BLOODY CLOTHES IN THE BEDROOM!
TAKE IT EASY, GIRL! BLOODY CLOTHES, EH?
IT IS ALMOST AS IF BARNES' AWFUL FATE IS WRITTEN ON THAT SHIRT!
IT BELONGS TO THE KILLER! BARNES ALWAYS WORE SOFT COLLARS!
APPARENTLY THE FIEND CHANGED HIS BLOOD-STAINED SHIRT AND TROUSERS BEFORE HE GOT AWAY!
ANGEL! MY FOOT---IT TOUCHED SOMETHING--LIKE A BODY---
NO MORE HYSTERICS! REMEMBER YOU'RE A HARD-BOILED REPORTER!
STOOPING--THE ANGEL FINDS_
IT'S JOHN BARNES! MURDERED!
I'M CALLING THE F.B.I. SABOTAGE AND MURDER'S INVOLVED. THEY'LL KEEP THE NEWS OF THE FINDING OF THE BODY QUIET UNTIL I TRACK DOWN SOME CLUES!
IN THE VICTIM'S STUDY
THAT NIGHT--IN THE ANGEL'S HOME--
I DIDN'T TELL THE F.B.I. ABOUT OUR ONE BIG CLUE--THE LAUNDRY MARK ON THE KILLER'S SHIRT! I'VE LONG USED THESE MARKINGS AS A MEANS TO TRAPPING CRIMINALS!

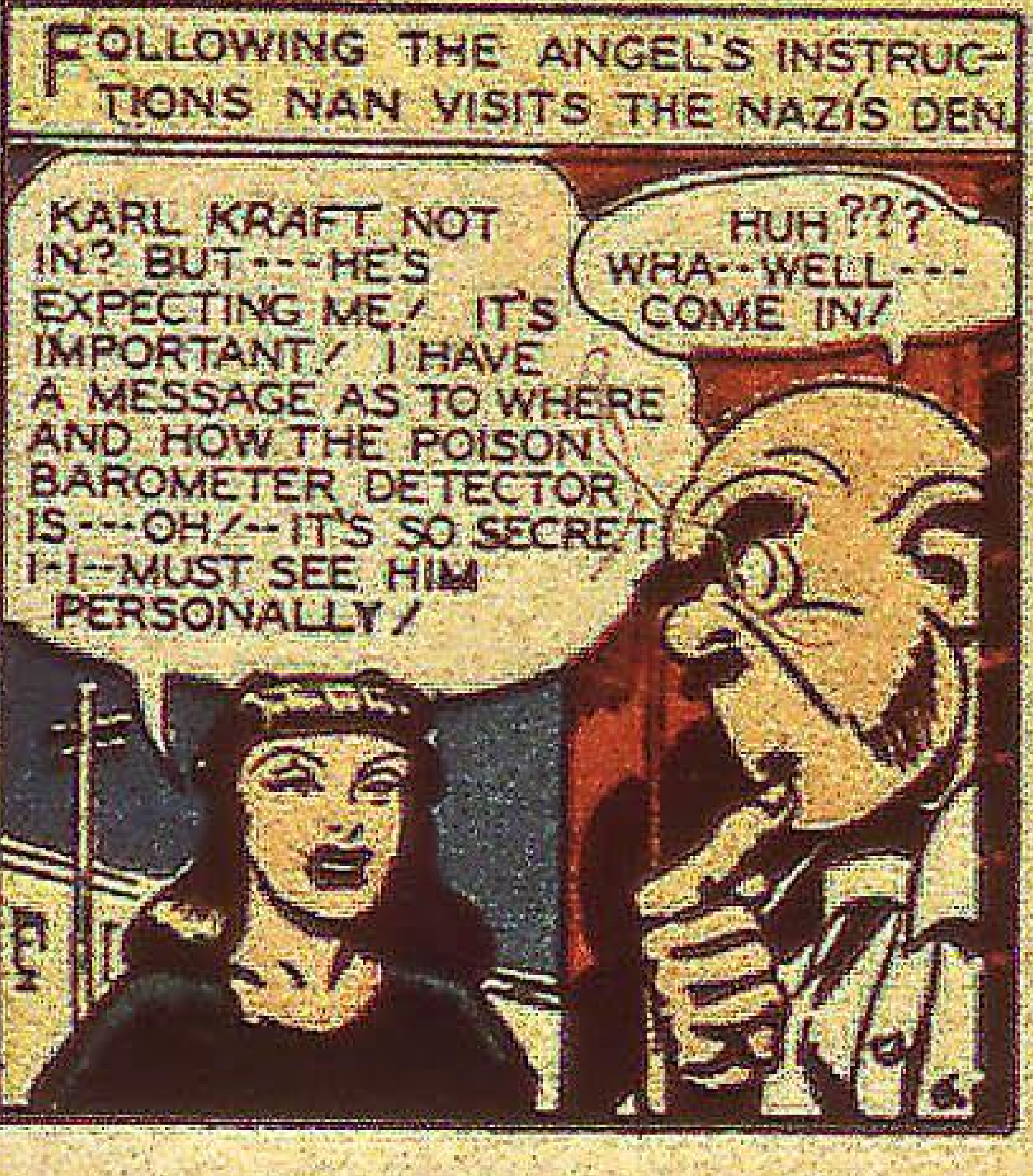

AFTER CHECKING HUNDREDS OF LAUNDRIES, THE ANGEL HAS SUCCEEDED IN TRACKING DOWN THE OWNER OF THE SHIRT IN A HOUSE IN YORKVILLE.........
IS KARL KRAFT IN? I---
NO! HE MOVED COUPLE MONTHS AGO... DON'T ASK ME WHERE! DON'T KNOW! DON'T CARE!
THAT MONKEY-FACE IS LYING----- SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT HIS EVASIVENESS! GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT, THOUGH---
A NOISE SHATTERS THE TENSE QUIET OF THE DARK CELLAR AS........
AM I CLUMSY! THIS NOISE WILL BRING THE WHOLE HOUSE DOWN HERE. WHEW! WHAT AN ARSENEL!
WHAM
THE NOISE ATTRACTS THE OCCUPANTS
WHO'S THERE? IF IT'S THAT SNOOPER I'LL--
I'D BETTER CHANGE INTO MY FIGHING COSTUME!
THE ANGEL SWINGS INTO ACTION -----
HE WON'T GET WHAT HE'S AFTER!
THE ANGEL ALWAYS GETS WHAT HE'S AFTER!
THE FOOT IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE ----
I'VE HAD ENOUGH!

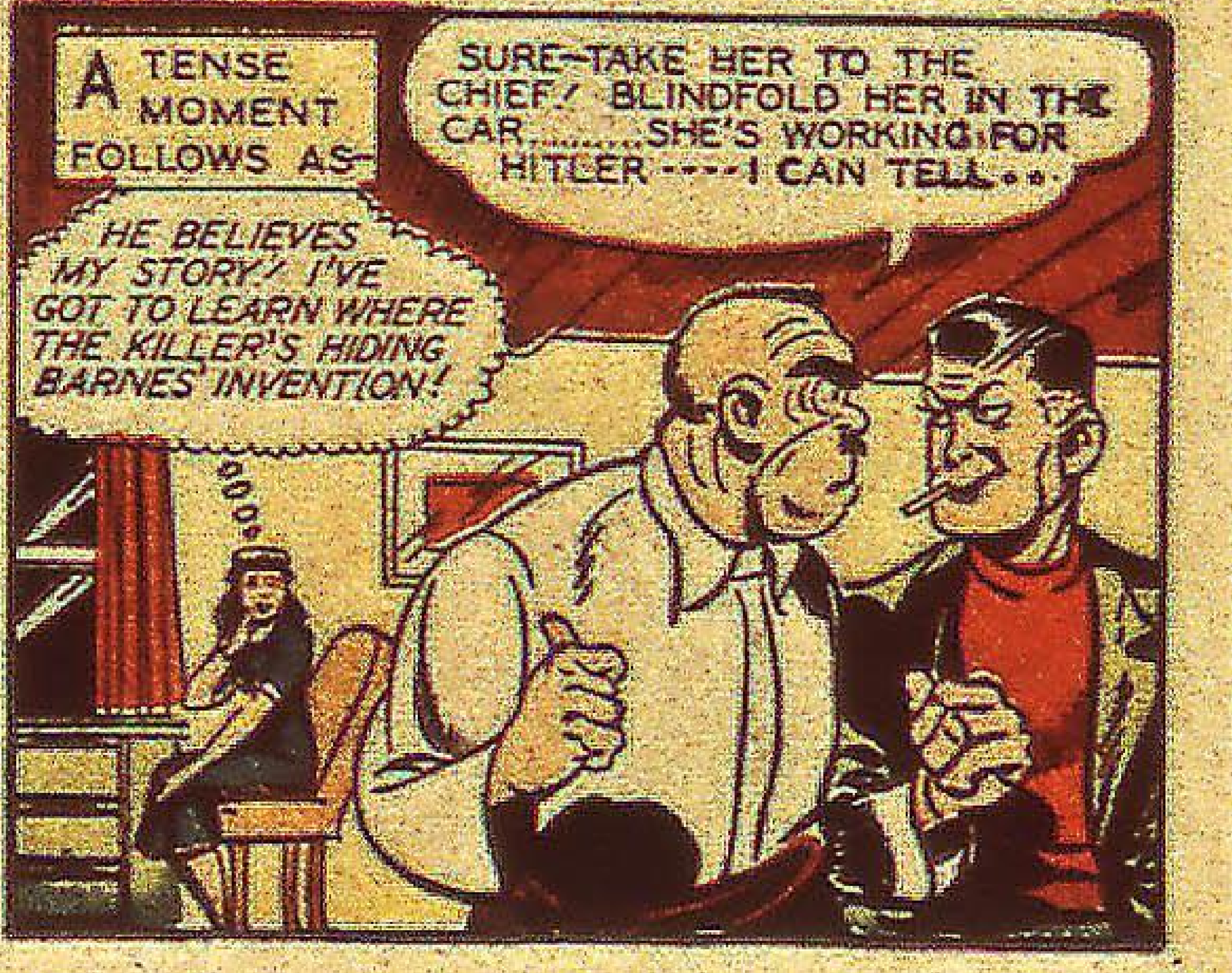

SPLIT SECONDS AFTER THE ANGEL'S FISTS HAVE SENT TWO NAZIS REELING, A THIRD STRIKES THE FIGHTING-SLEUTH FROM THE REAR!
WOULD PUT A BULLET THROUGH THAT SNOOPING BRAIN IF IT DIDN'T MAKE SUCH A RACKET. THIS WILL DO UNTIL--
YIPE!

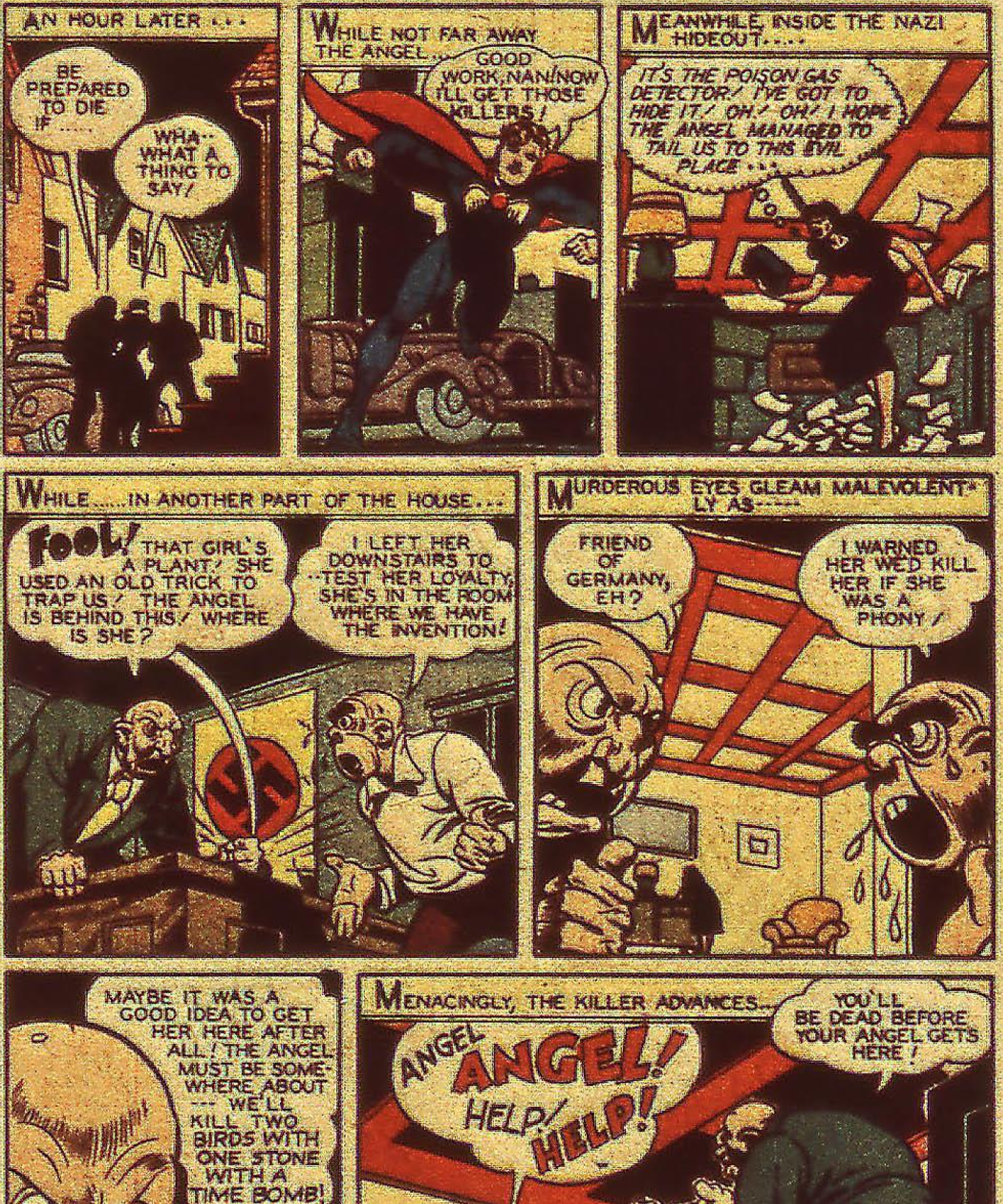

THE ANGEL FEIGNS UNCONSCIOUSNESS AS...
WE'LL CALL KRAFT AND TELL HIM THIS PLACE IS GETTING TOO HOT!
AND ASK HIM HOW HE WANTS THE ANGEL POLISHED OFF!
AND TELL HIM TO SEND A TRUCK TO PICK UP THE AMMUNITION! LATER WE'LL SLICE THIS PESTS THROAT!

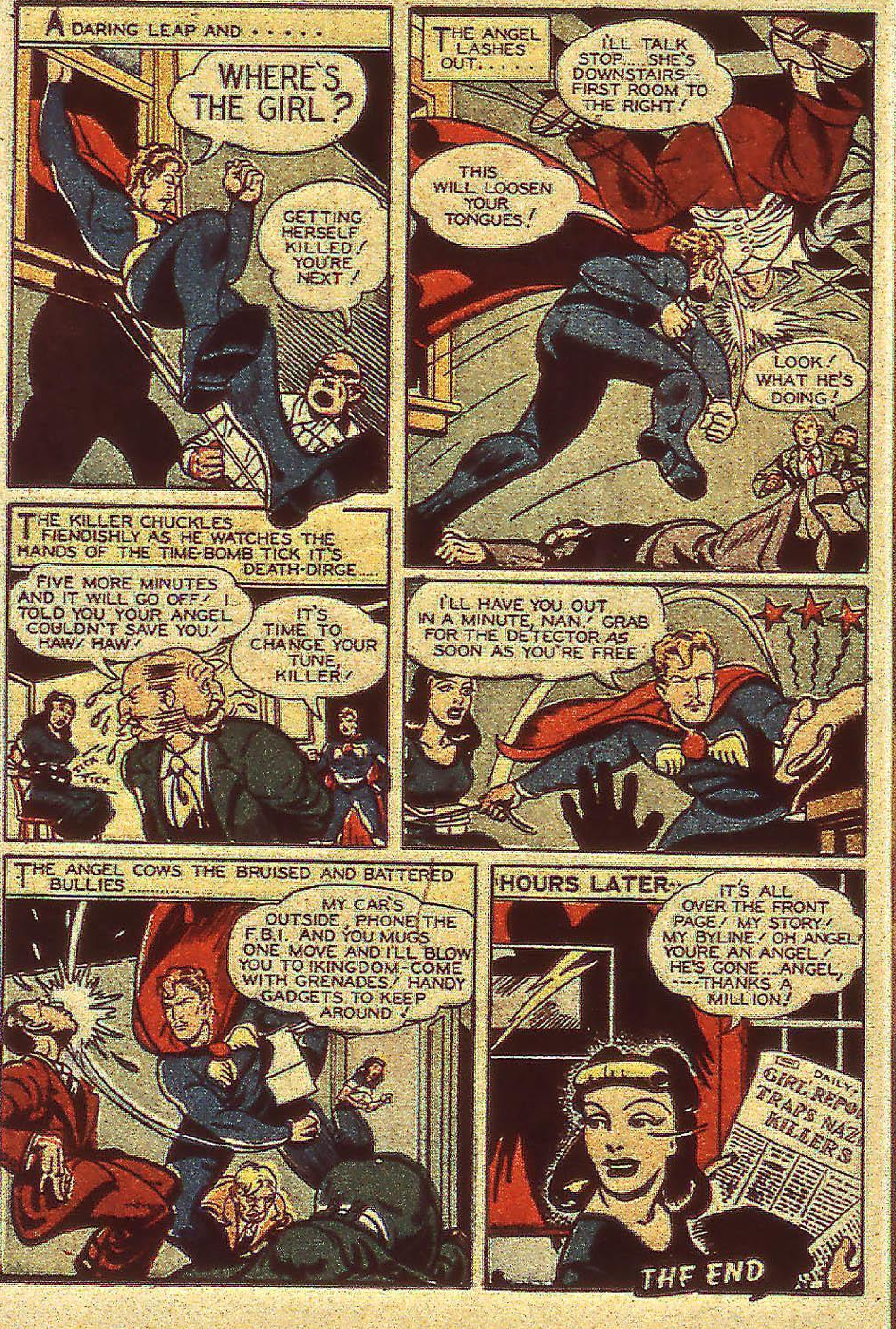

WHEN THE NAZIS LEAVE...
I'VE GOT AN IDEA! MUST SEE NAN...


THE ANGEL AND ANN MEET...
IT'S GOING TO TAKE NERVE, NAN! WANT TO TRY IT? I'M SURE I CAN TRAP THE KILLER -- AND HIS HENCHMEN---WITH YOUR HELP--
I'LL DO ANYTHING TO HELP, YOU GET BARNES' AND THOSE SIX OFFICERS' KILLERS!


FOLLOWING THE ANGEL'S INSTRUCTIONS NAN VISITS THE NAZIS DEN.
KARL KRAFT NOT IN? BUT---HE'S EXPECTING ME! IT'S IMPORTANT! I HAVE A MESSAGE AS TO WHERE AND HOW THE POISON BAROMETER DETECTOR IS---OH!--IT'S SO SECRET! I-I--MUST SEE HIM PERSONALLY!
HUH??? WHA--WELL--- COME IN!


A TENSE MOMENT FOLLOWS AS--
SURE--TAKE HER TO THE CHIEF! BLINDFOLD HER IN THE CAR.........SHE'S WORKING FOR HITLER ----I CAN TELL...
HE BELIEVES MY STORY! I'VE GOT TO LEARN WHERE THE KILLER'S HIDING BARNES' INVENTION!


AN HOUR LATER . . .
BE PREPARED TO DIE IF .....
WHA-- WHAT A THING TO SAY!
WHILE NOT FAR AWAY THE ANGEL . . .
GOOD WORK, NAN! NOW I'LL GET THOSE KILLERS!
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE NAZI HIDEOUT . . .
IT'S THE POISON GAS DETECTOR! I'VE GOT TO HIDE IT! OH! OH! I HOPE THE ANGEL MANAGED TO TAIL US TO THIS EVIL PLACE . . .
WHILE ..... IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE . . .
FOOL! THAT GIRL'S A PLANT! SHE USED AN OLD TRICK TO TRAP US! THE ANGEL IS BEHIND THIS! WHERE IS SHE?
I LEFT HER DOWNSTAIRS TO TEST HER LOYALTY, SHE'S IN THE ROOM WHERE WE HAVE THE INVENTION!
MURDEROUS EYES GLEAM MALEVOLENTLY AS -----
FRIEND OF GERMANY, EH?
I WARNED HER WE'D KILL HER IF SHE WAS A PHONY!
MAYBE IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO GET HER HERE AFTER ALL! THE ANGEL MUST BE SOMEWHERE ABOUT --- WE'LL KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE WITH A TIME BOMB!
MENACINGLY, THE KILLER ADVANCES...
YOU'LL BE DEAD BEFORE YOUR ANGEL GETS HERE!
ANGEL ANGEL! HELP! HELP!


A DARING LEAP AND . . . . .
WHERE'S THE GIRL?
GETTING HERSELF KILLED! YOU'RE NEXT!
THE ANGEL LASHES OUT. . . .
I'LL TALK STOP.... SHE'S DOWNSTAIRS-- FIRST ROOM TO THE RIGHT!
THIS WILL LOOSEN YOUR TONGUES!
LOOK! WHAT HE'S DOING!
THE KILLER CHUCKLES FIENDISHLY AS HE WATCHES THE HANDS OF THE TIME-BOMB TICK IT'S DEATH-DIRGE.....
FIVE MORE MINUTES AND IT WILL GO OFF! I TOLD YOU YOUR ANGEL COULDN'T SAVE YOU! HAW! HAW!
IT'S TIME TO CHANGE YOUR TUNE, KILLER!
TICK TICK
I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A MINUTE, NAN! GRAB FOR THE DETECTOR AS SOON AS YOU'RE FREE
THE ANGEL COWS THE BRUISED AND BATTERED BULLIES...........
MY CAR'S OUTSIDE, PHONE THE F.B.I. AND YOU MUGS ONE MOVE AND I'LL BLOW YOU TO KINGDOM-COME WITH GRENADES! HANDY GADGETS TO KEEP AROUND!
HOURS LATER--
IT'S ALL OVER THE FRONT PAGE! MY STORY! MY BYLINE! OH ANGEL YOURE AN ANGEL! HE'S GONE...ANGEL, ---THANKS A MILLION!
DAILY
GIRL REPO
TRAPS NAZ
KILLERS
THE END

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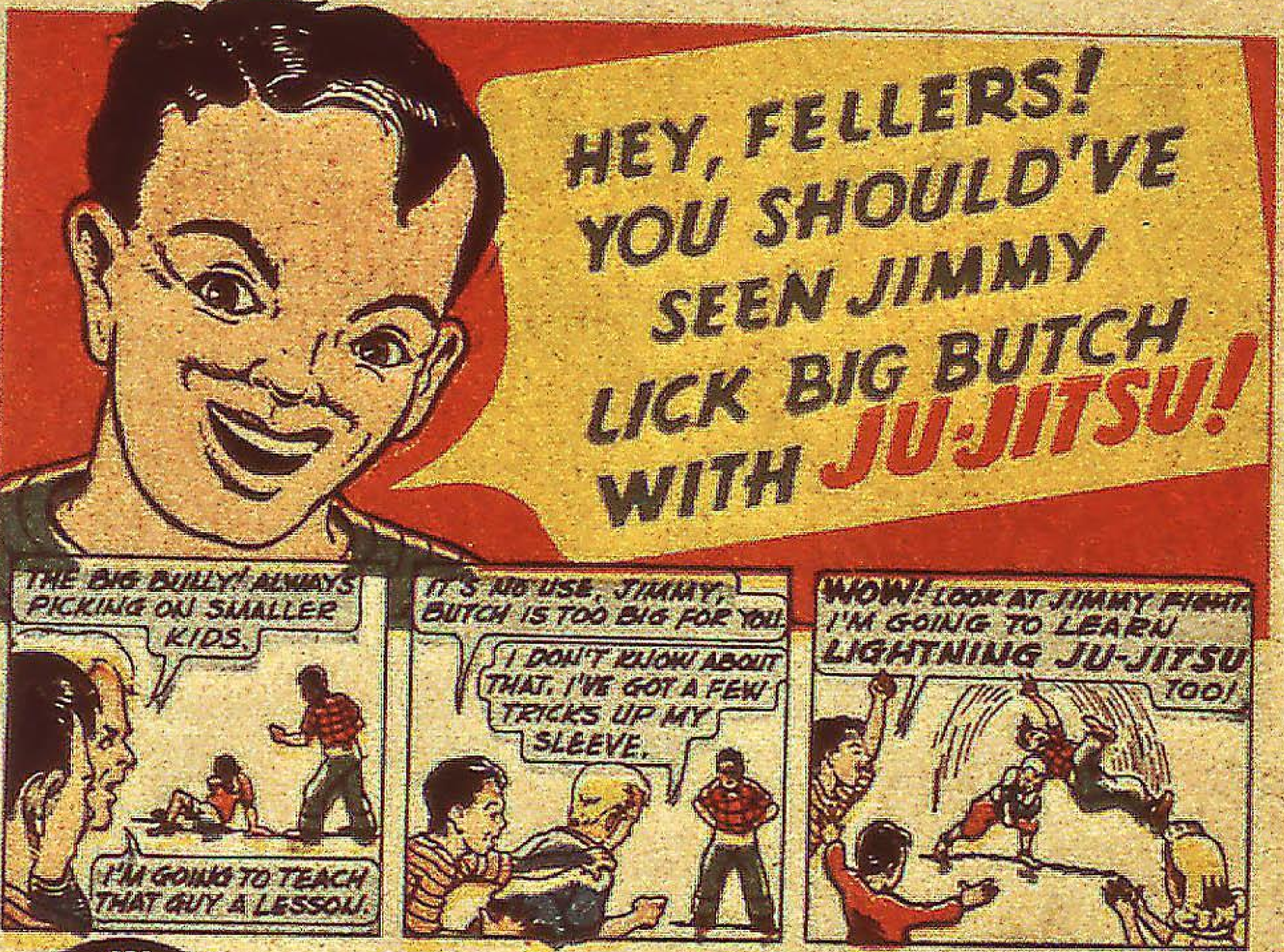
HEY, FELLERS! YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN JIMMY LICK BIG BUTCH WITH JU-JITSU!
THE BIG BULLY! ALWAYS PICKING ON SMALLER KIDS.
I'M GOING TO TEACH THAT GUY A LESSON.
IT'S NO USE, JIMMY, BUTCH IS TOO BIG FOR YOU.
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. I'VE GOT A FEW TRICKS UP MY SLEEVE.
WOW! LOOK AT JIMMY FIGHT. I'M GOING TO LEARN LIGHTNING JU-JITSU TOO!

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OK 10. How Great Inventions Work
side of a Great Modern Steamship
Big Coal Mine With the Lid Off
w a Submarine Sinks and Rises

olume III—PARTIAL CONTENTS

WONDERS OF LIFE

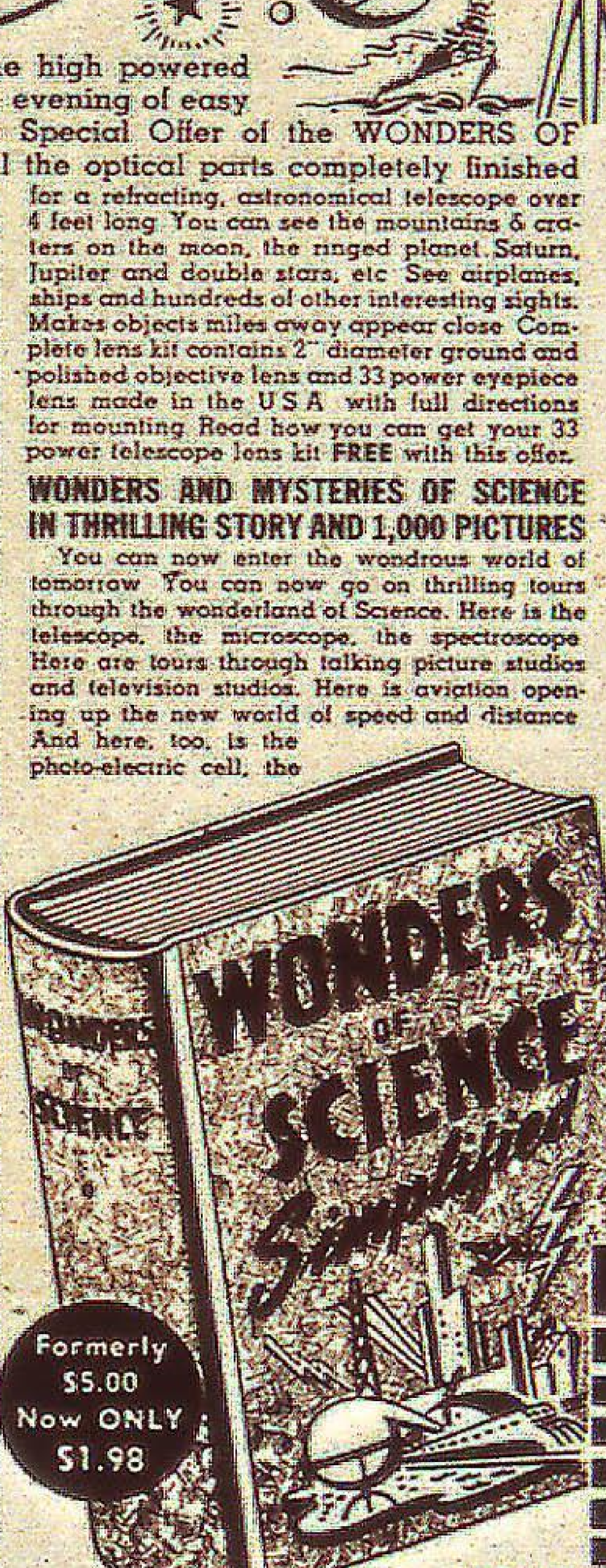
OK 11. Creatures in Prehistoric Ages
ife on Earth 30 Million Years Ago
ife on Earth 250,000 Years Ago

OK 12. Marvels of Plant Life
lants That Catch and Eat Insects
range Freaks of Plant Growth

OK 13. Strangest Fish in the Sea
ome Nightmares of the Deep Sea
ueer Fishes That Crawl on Land

OK 14. The Animal Wonder Book
he Animal the World Nearly Lost
he Ugliest of All the Animals

OK 15. Miraculous Machine called Man
he Wonderful Way the Brain Works
hat Your Body Looks Like Inside



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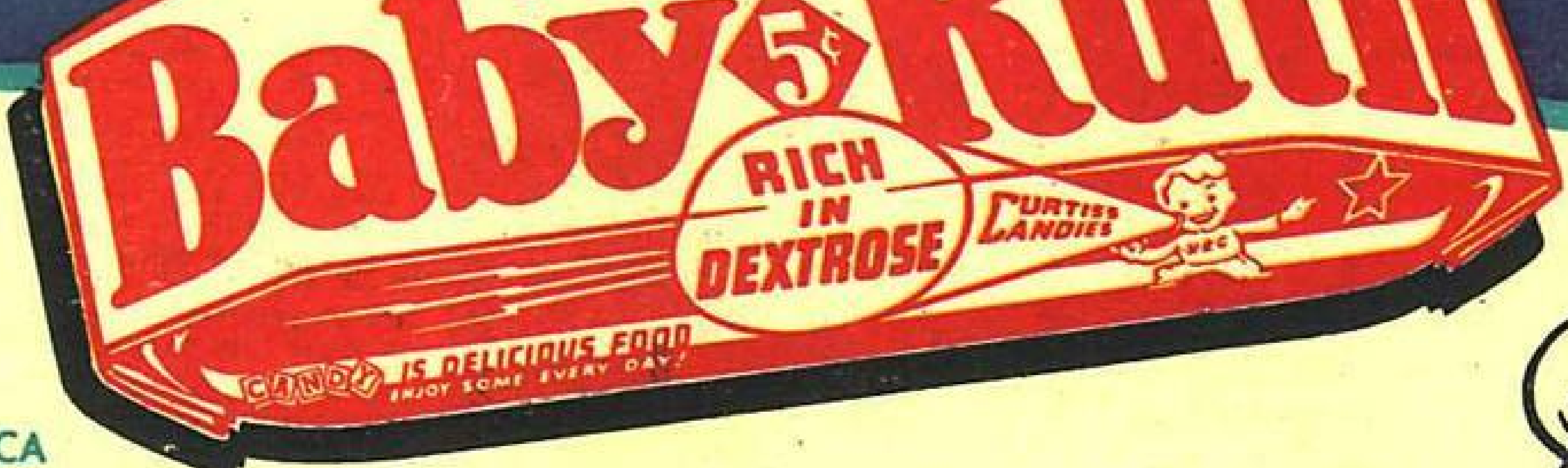
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